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BOOKMAN

F. ANSTEY.

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NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC.

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BOOKS YOU SHOULD KNOW

¶ Hodder & Stoughton announce the publication of Volume II. of CANADA IN FLANDERS, by LORD BEAVERBROOK (Sir Max Aitken)—the Official Story of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. Volume I. is now in its 14th Edition. Everyone must read CANADA IN FLANDERS—it is one of the few histories of the war which will live (**1/3** net).

□ □ □

¶ Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly (at **6/-** net) D. THOMAS CURTIN'S book, THE LAND OF DEEPENING SHADOW—GERMANY, 1916. Mr. Curtin is, of course, the famous *Times* and *Daily Mail* correspondent who lived in Germany for fourteen months. His exclusive descriptions of the state of affairs in Germany are of the greatest interest and value.

□ □ □

¶ Hodder & Stoughton make the most interesting announcement that CAPTAIN A. J. DAWSON has written and CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER has illustrated a book about the French "Poilu," entitled FOR FRANCE—C'est pour la France—(**5/-** net). Everyone knows Bairnsfather's "Tommy," and there is naturally much speculation as to how he has portrayed "Tommy's" French comrade-in-arms.

□ □ □

¶ Hodder & Stoughton have just published (at **10/6** net) PROFESSOR C. ALPHONSO SMITH'S authorised BIOGRAPHY OF O. HENRY. O. Henry was once asked why he did not read more fiction. "It is all tame," he replied, "as compared with the romance of my own life."

□ □ □

¶ Hodder & Stoughton have just published a book by MR. ROY BRIDGES that is full of the very soul and essence of all that is implied by "Anzac," a record of a story and a glory which can never die. The title of the book, THE IMMORTAL DAWN (**5/-** net), is taken from Henry Newbolt's lines:

"Until the immortal dawn shall make all glories dim."

□ □ □

¶ Hodder & Stoughton announce a Second Edition of THE FLAMING SWORD (**6/-** net), by MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART—the Lady of the Black Horse. *Punch* calls "The Flaming Sword" "As noble and absorbing a story of fine work finely done as any that the war has produced."

□ □ □

¶ Hodder & Stoughton announce a Second Edition of PROFESSOR BANG'S remarkable book, HURRAH AND HALLELUJAH—The Teachings of Germany's Poets, Prophets, Professors and Preachers. (**5/-** net). "Simply Staggering."—*Pall Mall Gazette.* "The most astonishing book we have read."—*Globe.* "If these things were not before us in black-and-white we could hardly credit them."—*Spectator.* "The most painful book I have read."—*Dr. Clifford.* "An awful picture."—*Dean Inge.*

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The first and second series of F. Anstey's "Voces Populi," with illustrations by Bernard Partridge, have been republished at 2s. each in Messrs. Longmans' "Pocket Library."

The first and probably the most popular of Mr. Anstey's stories, "Vice Versa," is issued in a pocket edition at 1s., by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., who have also published the very successful dramatised version of it: "Vice Versa: A Farcical Fantastic Play, in Three Acts," in cloth, at 2s., and in paper at 1s. 6d.

It is twenty years since Mr. Fisher Unwin published that bizarre novel, "The Statement of Stella Maberley." The book appeared anonymously, but it is probably more or less of an open secret by now that it was written by Mr. Anstey, and we should like to see a new edition, for the benefit of those who, in ignorance of that fact, missed reading it.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has made a selection from the articles he wrote for that brilliant "occasional causerie" he used to contribute to the *New Age* over the signature of Jacob Tonson, and is gathering them into a volume to be called "Books and Persons: Being Comments on a Past Epoch, 1908–11." It will be published in May by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

The same firm is also publishing this spring a collection of Yoshio Markino's beautiful water-colour drawings, under the title of "London," and a book of personal recollections of "The Boyhood of A. C. Swinburne," by his cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith. It includes many extracts from private letters to his family.

Mr. H. G. Wells has written a continuation or complement of his new book, "War and the Future," and Messrs. Cassell will publish it in May under the title of "God the Invisible King."

"The Loom of Youth," a novel of public school life, by Alec Waugh, will be published this spring by Mr. Grant Richards. The author, who is still under nineteen, had finished the story before his eighteenth birthday. He is the son of Mr. Arthur Waugh, managing director of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a trenchant survey of "The Present Position and Power of the Press," which Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing almost immediately.

Some little while ago Mr. Elkin Mathews bought up an unbound remainder, six hundred copies, of the first edition of Dr. T. Gordon Hake's "Parables and Tales," illustrated with some charming woodcuts by Thomas Hughes. D. G. Rossetti, who spoke highly of the book in a review—it is generally regarded as containing some of Gordon Hake's finest poems—furnished the original edition with a cover design. When Watts-Dunton heard of Mr. Mathews's discovery, he offered to revise the two biographical and critical articles he wrote for the *Athenæum* shortly after Hake's death and contribute these as an introduction to the book, but he left this purpose unfulfilled. A biographical note has now been written for the volume by Mr. Thomas Hake, and this remainder of the first edition, with Hughes's illustrations, is to be published this spring.

"Kultur and Anarchy," a volume of poems by F. C. Owlett, will be published next month by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The verses, written in divers moods, are concerned with various aspects of the war. The book is to have a frontispiece by Edmund J. Sullivan.

Messrs. Headley Brothers are publishing this month a study of "President Wilson: His Problems and His Policy," by H. Wilson Harris.

A timely series of articles dealing with the experiences of women in representative war vocations, "Women War-Workers," has been edited by Gilbert Stone, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Harrap. A Foreword to the book has been written by Lady Jellicoe.

Mme. N. Jarintzvo, whose able study of "The Russians and their Language" was recently reviewed in our pages, has written a book on "Russian Poets and Poems," which Mr. B. H. Blackwell, of Oxford, has in the press.

The death, a few weeks ago, of Mr. Herbert Batsford, the head of the architectural publishing house of B. T. Batsford, Limited, of High Holborn, removes an interesting personality from the book world. Born in 1861, he was the eldest son of the late Bradley Thomas Batsford, by whom the business was founded in 1842. He studied for the Bar, but the death of an elder brother in 1882 led to his turning from practice as a barrister to enter the family business. Associated with him in its direction, for the last twenty years, have been his nephew, Mr. Harry Batsford, and Mr. W. Hannaford Smith, who as the two remaining directors will continue the work of the firm.

The late Mr. Herbert Batsford.

A collection of poems by Alfred Tressider Sheppard, whose latest novel, "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan," was one of the successes of last autumn, will be published shortly by Messrs. Duckworth, who have also in the press a sequel to that novel, which is entitled "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan."

Three interesting books that Messrs. Chapman & Hall have in preparation are "The Life of Madame Adam," by Winifred Stephens; "The Spirit of England," by J. A. R. Marriott; and "Twentieth Century France," by M. Betham-Edwards.

"The Pope's Favourite," by Joseph McCabe, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. This is Mr. McCabe's first novel, and was written on the suggestion of Mr. Eden Phillpotts. It is a romance of the Italian Renaissance period, and has Pope Alexander VI., and his favourite, Giulia Farnese, for its principal characters.

The Poetry Bookshop has in preparation "Strange Meetings," a new volume of poems by Harold Munro, who is now serving with the colours.

"Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland," a new work in two volumes by Lady Gregory, will be published this spring by Messrs. Putnam.

Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel, "The Amazing Years," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is a war story, but instead of taking you to the front, shows what effect the first two years of the war had on the lives of an average London family.

"Jan Smuts: A Character Sketch," by N. Levi, of the Volkstem, Pretoria, takes a special interest from recent events. The publishers are Messrs. Longmans, and the book will be illustrated with portraits of General Smuts and his family.

One of the best of the many Army and Navy magazines that have sprung into existence since the beginning of the war is *The Gazette* of the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth. All its literary and artistic contents are contributed by the patients and hospital staff. There are some delightfully quaint humorists among them; the prose and verse make capital reading, and the drawings are extraordinarily good. The February number well maintains the unique reputation the magazine has won for itself. A subscription of 2s. will bring you the *Gazette* post free monthly for six months, and all profits from its sale go to the Hospital's Benevolent Fund.

Mr. Stephen McKenna, whose fourth novel, "Sonia," is to be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen, is a nephew of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nowadays, he is working in the War Trade Intelligence Department, in company with Mr. Alfred Sutro, Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, and other well-known men of letters.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Stephen McKenna.**

Mr. Harold Ashton.

"The Tale of a Tank and Other Yarns," a collection of humorous stories by Harold Ashton, whose exposures of our West End occultists have recently created some sensation, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

NOTES ON NEW WAR BOOKS.

War books continue to increase in number and variety, and some of the most recent are some of the best that have been produced. For stories from the actual fighting-fronts you should read:

"The Battles of the Somme." By Philip Gibbs. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

"One Young Man." Edited by J. E. Hodder Williams. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"To Verdun from the Somme." By Harry E. Brittain. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Forced to Fight." By Erich Erichsen. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Bart Kennedy,**

whose new book of short stories, "The Voice in the Light," has just been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

Into the first Mr. Gibbs has gathered those brilliant narrative and descriptive articles he has written as a War Correspondent on the Western Front, and tells graphically and with great power of the Great Push of last July and the fighting he has seen there down to last September. The second is the true story, told largely in his own letters, of a London clerk who enlisted in 1914, fought for nearly two years, was severely wounded at that battle of the Somme which Mr. Gibbs describes, and is now on his way back to his desk. It is one of the most intimate records of how one young Englishman went to the war, and through some of its grimmest phases. The third also begins with something of the Somme fighting, and in a series of vivid, gossipy articles relates how Mr. Brittain and Mr. James M. Beck, the distinguished American advocate and author, travelled together from the Somme to Paris, through the valley of the Marne to Verdun. There are admirable pictures of the British, French and Russian troops and their leaders, of the French airmen, and of life as it is lived immediately behind the lines. Mr. Beck supplies the book with an excellent Foreword. The fourth, "Forced to Fight," translated from the Danish, is a wonderfully realistic tale of a Schleswig Dane, who was conscripted into the German army at the outbreak of hostilities, took part in the barbarous invasion of Belgium, and went home at last, the wreck of a man, scarred, white-haired, and terribly maimed. A book that will help some of us to realise how unspeakably brutal and how horrible war is; there has been nothing more poignant in the literature of this war than the desolation and heartbreak of the last chapter.

Two memorable records by men who have suffered in civilian prison camps in Germany are:

"Sixteen Months in Four German Prisons." By Henry C. Mahoney. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

"In Ruhleben. Letters from a Prisoner to his Mother." Edited by Douglas Sladen. 6s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Mahoney's four prisons were at Wesel, Sennelager, Klingelputz, and Ruhleben. For a while he lay under suspicion of being a spy, was subjected to the travesty of a trial, and came within an ace of being shot. The brutal treatment he endured and saw inflicted on others would seem almost incredible if it were not related at first-hand, and if we did not know from many sources how grossly inhuman the German can be towards those who are at his mercy. The writer of the letters Mr. Sladen edits had his full share of hardships, but was less villainously used. His record is greatly mitigated by the account he gives of the "University" life he helped to establish among the prisoners at Ruhleben, the educational classes that were held, the lectures and sports that were inaugurated to lighten the misery and grim monotony of imprisonment.

"Crusading in Anzac," by Signaller Ellis Silas, 1s. net (The *British Australasian* Office), describes in pictures and words the author-artist's experiences with the Australian Imperial Forces at Gallipoli. It is a concise and interesting record, illustrated with some forty clever, realistic drawings and a portrait. There are forewords by Generals Sir Ian Hamilton and Sir William Birdwood.

"Shell-Shocks," 1s. 6d. net (Jarrolds), is an entertaining miscellany of prose, verse, drawings and photographs by the New Zealanders in France, with introductory contributions by Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Godley and Dion Clayton Calthrop. "People far away," says Mr. Calthrop, "will hold this book in their hands before opening it, and their eyes will see across the seas to the trenches which inspired these drawings and writings, and their hearts will feel proud and glad of the men who can fight and laugh; jolly fine chaps."

"Oh, Canada!" 3s. net (Simpkin, Marshall), is a full and most enjoyable budget of stories, verse, pictures and music by members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The drawings in colour and black-and-white, serious and humorous—those in colour especially—are remarkably good, and the fun and pathos in the verse and stories are the real thing.

The two latest additions to Messrs. Duckworth's delightful series of books of Humorous Drawings (1s. net each) are:

"The Saintly Hun." By W. Heath Robinson.
"Alleged Humour." By Will Owen.

THE READER.

F. ANSTEY.

By David Hodge.

ONE of Mr. Anstey's characters "gave frantic chase to the will-o'-the-wisp of literary fame, which so many pursue all their lives in vain, fortunate if it comes at last to flicker for a while over their graves," but Mr. Anstey himself achieved fame with his first book—"Vice Versa"—which to this day remains his best known. None of the conventional struggles of the young aspiring author would appear to have been his, and his first work was promptly accepted and published by the first firm to whom it was sent. That was in the year 1882, when Mr. Anstey, then aged twenty-six and engaged at the Temple as a barrister under his own name, Thomas Anstey Guthrie, took to writing, as he himself has remarked, to relieve the tediousness of waiting for briefs. "If I keep on at the Bar," says Vincent Holroyd in "The Giant's Robe," "a novel, whether it is a success or not, is not the best bait for briefs," and some such motive may have weighed with Mr. Guthrie in adopting the pen-name over which all his works have been written. Between 1882 and 1915 there have been no fewer than forty-one impressions of "Vice Versa," the sub-title of which, "A Lesson to Fathers," is a reminder of its fantastic tract-like character, which may, or may not, have played some part in bringing about the changed relations that now exist between high-spirited schoolboy sons and wealthy, pompous City fathers. Old Mr. Bultitude represents a type rarely found to-day, and the passing of the class is no occasion for regret. In "Vice Versa," as in many of his other writings, the central idea is a concession to "those who hold opinion with Pythagoras" as to the transmigration of souls; and, as all the reading world knows, the extravagant fun of the book is derived from the interchange of the entities of Bultitude father and Bultitude son. Many regard "Vice Versa" as merely riotous, well-conceived and finely written farce from start to finish, but the majority do not fail to find pathos in the passages that tell of the school experiences of a middle-aged man bearing all the outward semblance of a boy. Old Bultitude had indeed his trials and many occasions to reconsider the words he addressed to Dick when—as they both then believed—that youth was just about to return to Dr. Grimstone's after the Christmas holidays.

From a Snapshot. **F. Anstey.**

"'Now, you know, it's no use to cry like that. It's—ah, the usual thing for boys at school, I'm quite aware, to go about fancying they're very ill-used, and miserable, and all the rest of it, just as if people in my position had their sons educated out of spite! It's one of those petty troubles all boys have to go through. And you mark my words, my boy, when they go out into the world, and have real trials to put up with, and grow middle-aged men, like me, why, they see what fools they've been, Dick; they see what fools they've been. All the—hum, the innocent games and delights of boyhood, and that sort of thing, you know—come back to them—and then they look back to those hours passed at school as the happiest, aye, the very happiest time of their life!'

"'Well,' said Dick, 'then I hope it won't be the happiest time in mine, that's all!'"

Then the parent, after delivering himself of further commonplaces from the rather muddy depths of his mind to which they had long since sunk, smiled with a tolerant superiority and said impressively:

"'Perhaps you will believe me when I tell you, old as I am and much as you envy me, I only wish, at this very moment, I could be a boy again like you.'"

The thing was done! Old Bultitude had "wished," and unluckily for him he had done so while he held in his hand the Garuda Stone!

> "Whosoe'er this stone possesses
> With one wish Garuda blesses:
> Grants him once, and once alone,
> Whatsoever he would own."

Like "Alice in Wonderland," "Vice Versa" is as popular with the grown-up as with the young, and it is a safe prophecy that the Impressions will continue to multiply in the future as they have in the past.

In the "Vice Versa" type of tale Mr. Anstey has a monopoly, but it is in his full-dress three-decker novels that he most thoroughly reveals his remarkable power as a maker of plots and as a character draughtsman. The plots are ingenious, elaborate and most skilfully developed, while the portraits have the sureness of a Phil May or a Charles Keene. No particular novelty attaches to the main theme of "The Giant's Robe," in which a book brings fame to a man who did not write it. He sets out with no idea of perpetrating a swindle. A friend left the manuscript in his keeping and was reported drowned at sea. When the publisher to whom the story was submitted heard all this, he smiled in a knowing sort of way, cracked a feeble jest or two as to the modesty of some authors, and in other ways made it clear that he did not for a moment doubt but that

Drawn by Bernard Partridge. **"Go 'ome, Dirty Dick!"**
From "Voces Populi," by F. Anstey. (Second Series.) (Longmans.)

the book was the work of the man from whom it had reached him. The success of the novel was overwhelming—in more senses than one—and brought the supposed author not only money but a wife. The crash came after the publication of a sequel, his own unaided work. Throughout "The Giant's Robe" there are penetrating analyses of social and other frauds, with a rich display of the peculiar irony and satire of which Mr. Anstey is a master. Geniality is, as a rule, a prevailing key-note with him, but he can demolish shams and humbugs with scathing completeness. Mark Ashburn, the author who in "The Giant's Robe" has fame thrust upon him and tries not only to retain it, but to add to its lustre, is dissected relentlessly, and the mental and other trials that followed his slip from rectitude are depicted with a realism which explains the interest that Mr. Anstey has all along taken in the psychological studies of Ibsen, whom he has burlesqued with so much knowledge and criticism in "The Pocket Ibsen." We first meet Mark in a class-room of a City school where he is a master. He is alone.

"He was tall and well made, with black hair and eloquent dark eyes, which had the gift of expressing rather more than a rigid examination would have found inside him—just now, for example, a sentimental observer would have read in their glance round the bare deserted room the passionate protest of a soul conscious of genius against the hard fate which had placed him there, whereas he was in reality merely wondering whose hat that was on the row of pegs opposite."

That is a picture of Mark; it is also an example of the unexpected turn with which Mr. Anstey loves to close a sentence.

In another category, and not so well known, is the other long novel, "The Pariah"—which even yet, it may be remarked as a small but interesting point, people hesitate to ask for at libraries on account of doubts as to how the title should be pronounced. "The Pariah" is a sad as well as a powerful book, dealing with the attempt of a reformed, rich indigo-planter to establish himself with society in the interests of his son, a raw, illiterate youth of forbidding mien and no manners. At a Trouville hotel the planter forces his company on an aristocratic, impecunious widow, the hope of the father seemingly being that the son should marry her young and beautiful daughter, Margot Chevening, a disdainful damsel; the friends who knew her best would have found it hard to say positively whether she had a heart or not, in the metaphorical sense of the word, if it had not been for the affection she showed for the younger members of her own family. Thus, it is indicated to us that Miss Chevening was not completely bad. None of Mr. Anstey's characters are. What he avoids is the plaster saint ideal. Chadwick, the planter, had been a wild man in Bengal, a suggestion of his wildness being conveyed by the statement that he was ostracised even by his free-and-easy neighbours in that province; but he had good qualities, as also had his son, the poor wretch who suffers so much at the hands of the society girl whom he had no desire to pester in any way. He questioned even his freedom to play the moth to her star. The two Chadwicks are "bounders," but Mr. Anstey sees to it that our sympathy is not withheld from either, just as he takes care that we do not become wholly annoyed with the worldly, pretentious Mrs. Chevening or her competent, cultured and ambitious daughter. A dramatic surprise is provided by the marriage, not of the son to the daughter, but of the planter himself to the widow. Incidentally "The Pariah" provides the author with opportunity for the inclusion of scenic description, of which his writings have too few examples. Of Trouville at the hottest hour of an afternoon in mid-August (in the long-ago and almost-forgotten days) he writes:

"The *plage* was crowded, the great bathing function at its height.

"Bathing-machines were lurching and jolting down to the water's edge; stout French gentlemen, striped red, white and blue, like cheap sweetstuff, were floundering in a couple of feet of water with the air of sea-lions; younger men were swimming out beyond the masts, or displaying their symmetry on the decks of their double canoes; ladies in baggy blue tunics and trousers were clinging to the ropes and screaming with shrill ecstasy when a larger wave than usual knocked their oilskin caps together; on the sands there were gay tents, tricolour flags, giant umbrellas, under which the bathers received *en peignoir* or read their *Gil Blas* and *Petit Journal* between their dips."

It is an attractive opening, and reminds one of Leonard Merrick. Anstey and Merrick have no misconception

as to the importance of the first few words of a modern novel. It would be refreshing to have the opinion of either as to the opening of a novel by Sir Walter Scott.

As a social satirist or delineator Mr. Anstey ranks with Du Maurier in black-and-white, and for many years Anstey and Du Maurier were working simultaneously for *Punch*, though the illustrations of Anstey's contributions were provided, not by Du Maurier but by Mr. Bernard Partridge, who proved an illuminating and helpful collaborator. As Mr. M. H. Spielmann says in "The History of *Punch*," Mr. Anstey was already famous for his series of successful books—"Vice Versa," "The Giant's Robe," "The Black Poodle," and "A Fallen Idol"—when he was invited to contribute to *Punch*. "In each of these stories," writes Mr. Spielmann, "there had been a clear and original idea worked out with ingenuity and invested with a rich and delicate humour. Their author was clearly a man for *Punch*. So thought Mr. Burnand, and Mr. Anstey shared the opinion." His first *Punch* article, "Faux et Preteria Nihil," appeared on November 4th, 1885, and in 1886 he was called to the Table, and he has been a regular and valued *Punch* hand ever since. In the pages of that paper were published in the first instance "Model Music-hall Songs," "The Young Reciter," "Voces Populi," "The Man from Blankley's," "Lyre and Lancet," and "Baboo Jaberjee, B.A.," the last of which, though abounding in crisp humour, called forth a protest, very careful patriots contending that it was not a complete compliment to the educated natives of India. By many, "Voces Populi" is regarded as Anstey's best book, and in it he certainly has ample scope and verge enough for his faculty of pleasantly summarising and flaying the inanities and foibles of classes and periods. I read that in the composition of "Voces Populi" and kindred other work it has been the practice of Mr. Anstey to visit an individual spot where he would try to seize the salient points and general tone, the speakers and the scene, trusting to luck for a chance incident, feature or sentence, that might provide a subject. I also find "Voces Populi" described as "humorous verbal photography of extreme vividness." Of course, "photography" is not the correct word; if it were so, any one of us, skilled in shorthand writing, could become an Anstey to-morrow. In talking of the merits of Anstey as a writer of dialogue, the medium in which he is strongest, the common remark is "How natural! How true to life!" But the fact of the matter is that dialogue of the Anstey order to seem natural must be unnatural, and that a verbatim report of a talk at such places as are dealt with in "Voces Populi" would be as dull and stagnant as the water in a crater dating from the year before last. The strange apparent easiness of the Anstey dialogue has been a sad pitfall for many a young writer, as witness the number of dialogue books that come to grief.

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"Albinia, I think I will go to bed."

From "Lyre and Lancet," by F. Anstey (Smith, Elder).

Drawn by George Du Maurier.

"It's my Bingo, for all that!"

From "The Black Poodle and Other Tales," by F. Anstey (Longmans).

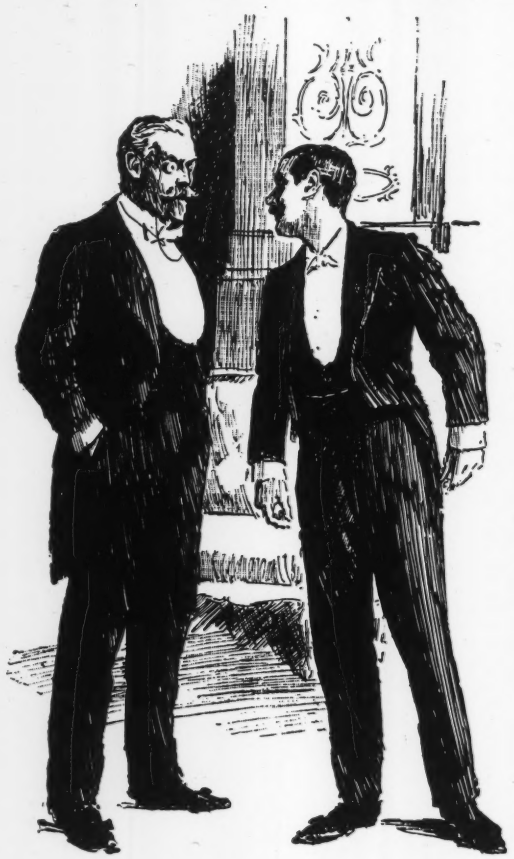
"The Tinted Venus" is another favourite. It tells how a Grecian

The Jenee and Horace return to Vincent Square.

From "The Brass Bottle," by F. Anstey (Smith, Elder).

statue at departed Rosherville Gardens came to life, became enamoured of a Southampton Row barber of humble origin and commonplace views and made his days a burden. The farce is maintained with great spirit, but the book is too long, the vein being worked out before *Finis* is reached. Still, all have amused recollections of Leander Tweddle, the barber, how he became inveigled with the goddess, and how he interviewed a scholar from the British Museum as to how the incubus might be got rid of. "I was desirous," said Leander to the scholar, in a Tottenham Court Road dining-room, "of getting some information respecting —ahem—a party by the name of (if I've caught the foreign pronunciation) Haphrodite, otherwise known as Venus. Do you happen to have heard tell of her?" "Have I had a classical education, sir, or haven't I?" is the angry response of the scholar. "Heard of her? Of course I have! But why, in the name of Mythology, any hairdresser living should trouble his head about Aphrodite, passes my comprehension. Leave her alone, sir!" It was Aphrodite who wouldn't leave Leander alone; but he did not say so. "Want to pick my brains," says the scholar; "well, you wouldn't be the first. But I am here, sir, to rest my brain and refresh my body, not to deliver peripatetic lectures to hairdressers on Grecian mythology." Leander explains that he never meant to get the information "peripatetic," that in fact he is willing to go as far as half-a crown, and in the end the scholar supplies him with a plan whereby the goddess is removed and calm reigns again in the existence of the worthy, unromantic hairdresser.

The plays of Mr. Anstey are three—"The Man from Blankley's," "The Brass Bottle," and "Vice Versa." All did well, "The Man from Blankley's" (with Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the Man) having a long run and a revival. "Vice Versa" was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, in 1910, but this was not the first time the story had been staged, a version by Frederick Rose having been given at the Opera Comique, in 1883. Of the "Brass Bottle" production in 1909 a dramatic critic wrote: "Mr. Anstey has done a really funny thing, got hold of an idea—that great thing, an idea—and worked it up very cleverly, very adroitly, with quite a number of good puns which would have enchanted Charles Lamb," from which it seems obvious that the critic was making his first acquaintance with the author. Let us hope his next step was to read "Salted Almonds," a short-story collection, which includes "At a Moment's Notice" and "The Gull," in the first of which the soul of a languid young man-about-town passes into the body of a barrel-organ monkey, and in the second of which the lady-love of a poetic Civil servant is reincarnated as a seagull. The critic would have found that the doing of a really funny thing—getting hold of an idea—that great thing, an idea—was no uncommon



Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"I'd rather a job to get these things on, but they're really a wonderful fit, considering."

From "Lyre and Lancet," by F. Anstey (Smith, Elder).

achievement on Mr. Anstey's part, in fact that all his writings were heavily charged with ideas of the freshest kind.

For one who has for so long been so prominently before the public, it is surprising, in these days of gossip journalism, that so little has been written of Mr. Anstey. He is fortunate in his escape, but one paragraphist who puts him "in the front rank of living humorists" records that in appearance there is nothing about Mr. Anstey to suggest that he is a popular author. The paragraphist gives no clue as to how a man with large circulations is expected to look. He adds, however, "Quiet and unassuming, he is of a decidedly serious turn of mind." Of Anstey anecdotes there are few, but it is told that he had an unfortunate experience with his first contribution to popular journalism. No payment came his way, so he called at the office of the paper, where the cashier informed him that the article had already been paid for, to a man with a strong Scottish accent who asked for the money in advance to pay for his mother's funeral. Some time later another of Mr. Anstey's contributions appeared in another periodical, and this time—so the story goes—the author himself called on the day set apart for payment. While waiting he got into conversation with a stranger. Presently a boy entered the room and asked for "Mr. Guthrie," whereupon Mr. Anstey and the stranger made a simultaneous movement to follow him. The stranger, however, hesitated, and then made a precipitate bolt. The bereaved Scot was on this occasion, too late.

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"I'm ole Billy Fair-play, I am!"

From "The Man from Blankley's and Other Sketches," by F. Anstey (Longmans).

Mr. Anstey's outstanding characteristics are his crisp, unfailing humour; his prodigality of invention; the power and reality of his portraiture: the ease and grace with which he controls the fantastic: he has given us lasting pictures of the life and customs of an age that has almost completely passed away. He derives inspiration and effects from Dickens, of course; but for the most part he seems to be singularly uninfluenced by contemporaries or predecessors. Now and again, though, his methods and points of view have close resemblance to those of W. S. Gilbert. The two have similar oddities of conception, and the verse of Anstey—of which we have too little—is as fluent and flawless as that of the author of "Pinafore" and "Bab Ballads."

ROBERT BRIDGES ON KEATS.*

BY JOHN DRINKWATER.

IT is over twenty years since Mr. Bridges wrote his essay on Keats. In this length of time signs of wear may reasonably be expected to show themselves if ever they are to do so, and it is very pleasant to find on a re-reading of Mr. Bridges's work nothing but the stamp of permanence. To say that it is a great piece of criticism might, perhaps, seem a little rash, since here are few or none of those strangely simple yet searching generalisations that are so memorable in the writings of the master critics. From Sidney to Arnold, to come to no later date, it has been the fortunate habit of our best critical minds to range freely from the immediate subject of analysis to broad æsthetic principles and to an intimate and liberal consideration of the facts of common experience. In other words, in the masterpieces of criticism the writers, very profitably for us, commonly tell as much about themselves as about the matter or author of their discussion; we are twice rewarded for our reading. And since a man's revelation of his own thought and intuition, if his be a really alert intelligence, is sure to have a value altogether apart from anything he may say, however acute, concerning another mind, it is in these more closely personal moments of half impulsive generalisation that we are likely to get a critic's finest quality.

This self-revelation is a thing distinct from the curiously yet pleasantly naïve confessions that Mr. Bridges makes from time to time, as when, attributing some quality in the couplets of "Lamia" to the influence of Dryden's versification, he adds: "So the critics say . . . I have not myself a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with Dryden to enable me to judge"; or where, of his statement that Keats in his beginnings often fell "into the feeble manner which he caught from Leigh Hunt," he says, "I have not read Hunt's poems, but this assertion of critics is unmistakably confirmed in Keats's Letters." These are revelations of idiosyncrasy or accident, and not of personal vision or of æsthetic temper. Of this latter kind there is scarcely a trace in Mr. Bridges's essay, beyond the inevitable witness which comes from his mere understanding of Keats itself. This understanding is so acute as to give Mr. Bridges rank with those critics

* "The Poetical Works of John Keats." Edited by Laurence Binyon. With a Critical Introduction by Robert Bridges. Illustrated in Colour by Claude Shepperson. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

who are more variously endowed, but to whose company we must gladly allow this newcomer by virtue of the splendid and loyal use that he has made of the gift that is his. This essay might, without injustice, be called an elaborate annotation of Keats, but it is annotation made by genius; by genius, moreover, of rarely beautiful manners. With scrupulous care the critic considers each of Keats's finer poems in turn, and if sometimes his analysis seems a little over-curious, in nearly every case he says something that quickens our perception of the poet's art. His remarks upon the Odes, for example, are extraordinarily just and sympathetic, and are a notable instance of the tact with which fine taste may discuss the object of its attention with the utmost frankness and yet without the slightest tone of disparagement. To mention Mr. Bridges in the same breath with those writers who cannot disapprove of anything without a lapse into ill behaviour is hardly courteous, yet he will forgive a word to those many critics who might learn so much from his own exquisite courtesy in disagreement. This is a quality rare enough not to pass unnoticed.

There are details in the essay in which it is difficult to follow Mr. Bridges. He seems to show an imperfect understanding of the Elizabethan genius in his strictures upon the influence under which "Otho The Great" was constructed, and a larger view of this matter might also, perhaps, do something to modify his feelings about "Lamia." To find in the witch-woman of Keats's creation, drawn largely from the splendid violence of renaissance England, no more than a "vulgar type," cannot be to see the matter quite clearly. In any case it would have been worth while to note that, for good or ill, Keats drew his inspiration in the poem from that spirit. His very delight in Chapman, the Elizabethan with almost the largest gesture of them all, is enough to put us on our guard against the too hasty dismissal of any lordly extravagance, even of event, that we may find in Keats, as merely native undiscipline or defect of taste. Many people, too, would find in the introduction of the bedesman at the opening and close of "The Eve of St. Agnes" a perfect piece of narrative fitness, and would make nothing of Mr. Bridges's complaint that this figure "has personally nothing whatever to do with the tale," since Keats clearly had no intention of using him in this way, but as clearly had a superbly achieved intention of using him in another. The bedesman does not affect the direct conduct of the narrative, but he is of the highest importance in the regulation of the emotional pressure of the poem. These differences, however, in no way detract from our delight in or admiration for a piece of work that gives our Poet Laureate an assured place as a critic of the art that he practises so well.

The text of this edition is Professor de Selincourt's, which means that it is marked by the finest scholarship. The poems have been selected by Mr. Binyon with special reference to Mr. Bridges's essay; and Mr. Shepperson's drawings, though they are of no particular value in their relation to Keats, have their own accomplishment.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best list of six books that a man should take with him when he goes on military or on sea service.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and Half a Guinea each awarded to Miss V. W. Ware, of Vinings Cottage, Avenue Road, Sandown, Isle of Wight, and Miss V. D. Goodwin, of Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent, for the following:

TO ONE WHO PROFESSES TO READ THE STARS.

You tell me you have searched the stars,
And find that yours and mine agree
To jointly through the heavens run
In well-according unity.

From this, you urge, our single lives
Are blent in one by law divine,
That *I* am destined to be yours,
As *you* are destined to be mine.

'Tis not enough. A woman's mind
From any settled course may part;
The heavens may blazon what they will,
In vain—she still consults her heart.

V. W. WARE.

TO MY BELOVED DYING VERY YOUNG.

Now the calm stars are growing pale,
And Dawn looks through Night's lifted veil,
While shadows fade I watch, and make
Prayer for you lest my heart break.

When fleet-foot Dawn springs up the sky
I think I hear you quietly
Come, standing where you used to stand
With your head pressed against my hand.

I think I see your eyes, that shine
Like stars of glory into mine,
Telling all that they could not say
Before they saw the Eternal Day.

I think I see you leap and run
For gladness in the morning sun;
And in moonlight, from tree to tree
Creep like a ghost, at play with me.

But now God holds you close, as I
Used to before you came to die.
Oh, Christ, beneath Whose Hand I bow,
My arms are always empty now!

V. D. GOODWIN.

We also select for printing:

AT THE BEGINNING.

If the exile's pain has found you,
Then the longing will never cease;
'Tis a strong, sure spell, and it holds you well—
Though you sigh for the old-time peace.

You have heard the call of the Island,
And you never shall forget!
You may stifle it down, in the swarming town,
To the throb of a dim regret.

But the ring of a chance word spoken
In a crowded city street,
Or the cry of a bird that is suddenly heard
Through the tramp of the passing feet.

And the old, wild pain is at you,
And the hot dreams surge again
Of the noisy surf and the sweet, wet turf,
And the beat of the mountain rain.

(Mona Douglas, Ballarragh, Laxey, Isle of Man.)

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

A cottage home beside a country road,
Yet e'en for angel guest a fit abode.

The sunset's benediction in the west,
A labourer hastening to his evening rest.

A baby's laugh; a waiting woman's kiss—
It may be heaven no sweeter hath than this.

A table spread with plenteous, homely fare;
A sacramental meal—great Love is there.

A stranger fed and set upon his way;
Love needs must try for gift of Love to pay.

Such know not of the joys the world can give?
No, wiser far, at Joy's clear source they live.

(Eileen Carfrae, 110B, Brixton Hill, S.W.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics written by A. E. P. (Salisbury), Nora B. Fry (Willesden), Cyril G. Taylor (Washford), Zoë J. Provis (New Zealand), H. P. Lowe (Salonika), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), J. P. du Parcq (Marylebone), Amy Woodward (Oxford), Betty Holmes (Aughton), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Kathleen Badger (Christchurch, N.Z.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), X. (Oxford), Norman J. Bickle (Plympton St. Mary), Pauline Bate (Blessington), Violet Gillespie (Cheltenham), Richard Church (Limpsfield), Katherine Sidebottom (Bramhall), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Kathleen A. Braimbridge (Kidderminster), Olive Edmonds (Bath), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), W. Sinclair (Glasgow), Raoul Ponsonby (Jersey), Ivy L. Carr (Leamington), Anna Gordon Keown (Highgate), D. A. R. (Hampstead), F. I. Thomas (Aberfan), Mrs. A. M. Reid (Motherwell), Dorothy L. Warne (Ramsgate), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), A. W. Bailey (Birmingham), Denis S. Wright (Salonika), Iris Douglas (Shipley), Amy Vann (Bickley), C. Ransom (Torquay), Margery Symons (East Sheen), Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), Irene E. Osborne (Honor Oak), C. E. S. (Glasgow), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), V. S. Hort (London, W.), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), Florence E. Boag (W. Ealing), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Mrs. A. W. Gray (Spey Bay), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), E. R. L. (Durham), Gertrude May Reeves (Edinburgh), Dorothy Benton (Crewe), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), M. Frances Kendall (Finsbury Park), M. Wylie Hill (Swanley), Ida May (Barnes), Amy M. Edwards (W. Worthing), Frank H. Hornby (Sidcup), H. M. B. (Liverpool), Anna Walker (Sleights), Faith Hearn (Christchurch), H. Cottrell-Dormer (London, N.W.), Christine Chaundler (Biggleswade), Margaret L. Desmond (Putney), William Codling (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Amy C. Moore (Harringay), Eileen R. Quelch (Oxford), Kathleen W. Coates (Market Harborough), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), E. Leslie Gunston

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"I guess you're the most unselfish saint on two legs!"

From "The Travelling Companions," by F. Anstey (Longmans).

(Reading), Frank Helier (Jersey), Jenkyn Jenkins (Highgate), Edith M. Glaister (Banbury), Dolly Payne (Knutsford), A. M. K. Ellerton (Edinburgh), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), N. L. (Fulham), Harold Fryer (Ilford), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Edith Maris (Eastbourne).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to J. Shirley, of 73, Fitzwilliam Road, Clapham, S.W., for the following:

A THORN IN THE FLESH. By RHODA BROUGHTON. (Stanley Paul.)

"I falter where I firmly trod."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

We also select for printing:

HER INFINITE VARIETY. By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen.)

"I am all the daughters of my father's house
And all the brothers, too."
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

(Charles Powell, 59, Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury, Manchester.)

SECRETLY ARMED. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. (Chapman and Hall.)

"In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs."
BRET HARTE, *The Heathen Chinee.*

(H. T. Harding, Gloucester Street, Malmesbury.)

THIS IS THE END. By STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan.)

"And William got a 'lifer.'"
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Beatrice Craig, Craigdarragh, Straidarran, Co. Derry, Ireland.)

NOTHING MATTERS. By SIR HERBERT TREE. (Cassell.)

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."
SHAKESPEARE.

(Mrs. A. E. Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester)

THE CROWNING PURPOSE. By EVELYN SIMMS. (MARTIN SECKER.)

"To make the punishment fit the crime."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Mikado.*

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowland's Castle, Hants.)

THE LIGHT IN THE UPPER STOREY. By F. WARDEN. (Ward Lock.)

"Shall I draw the curtain?"
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best inscription for a War Shrine is awarded to Miss C. Ransom, of St. Mary Church, Torquay, for the following:

INSCRIPTION FOR A WAR SHRINE.

The flowers that we bring will fade,
And, fading, vanish from the sight—
The sacrifices you have made
Will live for ever in the light!

We select for special commendation the verses by D. A. Russell-Gregg (Bridgwater), Hilda M. Barrad (London, S.W.), G. N. Goodman (Watford), Muriel I. Baker (Golders Green), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury) Mrs. Guy Branson (Edgbaston), F. I. Thomas (Aberfan), Miss W. Todd (Forest Gate), Raymond Weston (Birmingham), Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mrs. Alice Wise (Leicester), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Beatrice C. Peeks (Purley), P. I. Rogers (Guernsey), Marion Mitchell (Stamford Hill), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Violet Hirst (Dorset), Marion Burd (Edgbaston), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss M. E. Kennedy, of 9, Ashfield Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin, for the following:

A MUNSTER TWILIGHT. By D. CORKERY. (The Talbot Press, Dublin.)

These tales are at once realistic and mystical. They portray the everyday, laborious lives of the poor, and at the same time show how vividly the immanence of the supernatural and the occult is realised by the simple-hearted people. Mr. Corkery has a remarkable power of impressing on us the sensation of an unseen portentous presence, a foreshadow of the future impending, at times, over these primitive Munster folk. An appropriate setting is the landscape, the shadowy valleys, the wind-swept hills, the manifold mountains, half lost in clouds, with their ever-present suggestion of the occult and the mysterious.

We also select for printing:

THE WAVE. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan.)

This is the first love-story Mr. Blackwood has written. But, underlying the actual narrative, lies the deeper significance of things psychical and spiritual, which lift the whole above the commonplace into realms of intellectuality and inspiration, transforming it into an allegory, and revealing the author's study of problems, psychical and sexual. The intermittent manifestations of dual personality, induced by reincarnation only partially conscious of pre-existence and subsequent pre-destiny, result in mental conflicts and anguish, demonstrating in the victory of spiritual over carnal, the evolution of Man. It is an engrossing book—an incentive to thoughtful reflection.

(Elsa Gellert, 32, Park Drive, Bradford.)

THE ISSUE. By J. W. HEADLAM. (Constable.)

This little book, consisting of articles contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Westminster Gazette*, together with an Introduction which is new, is a masterly exposition of the real aim of Germany in this war, as avowed or concealed in the statements of responsible Germans themselves, professors, political leaders, the Chancellor, von Bülow, Naumann and others. That that aim remains unchanged, that peace by negotiation with Germany undefeated would result in a Europe completely subject to Germany, and that victory alone can bring a peace worth having, is convincingly demonstrated. We earnestly commend the book to any who doubt it.

(Mrs. Henn, 5, Royal Avenue, Chelsea, London, S.W.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by E. Beechey (Pentre), Isabel Elisabeth Henderson (Winnipeg), Edward Lewis (Bramston), Mrs. W. H. Conway (Bushey), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Irene Lalonde (Bath), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), Ethel List (Ilfracombe), Mrs. E. G. Stock (Ambleside), Irene F. Armstrong (Brampton), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), John F. Leeming (Hale), Nancy Sanguinetti (Hemel Hempstead), Rolanda Hirst (Cardiff), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Henry F. Vaughan (Tottenham), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), S. R. Nicol (Merthyr Tydfil), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Vere G. F. Dolton (Hemel Hempstead), D. L. Fuller (Hindhead), Amy H. Mahony (Darlington), Margaret W. Tupman (Worthing), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), N. R. McIntosh (Gosport), M. E. Rolton (London, N.W.), R. Underwood (Ealing), Fredk. Willmer (Ramsey), Miss Parker (Worcester), J. Southall (Brighton), W. M. Griffiths (Wakefield), Eileen Newton (Whitby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to A. S. Moore, of 3, Clifton Terrace, Belfast.

XUM

Photo by Bassano.

F. Anstey.

A LITERARY OUTCAST.

BY JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D.

YOU will remember that when Horace was issuing his book of Epistles, he added one addressed to the Book itself, as a preface. In it he told the Book to tell the public that its Author was forty-four years of age; that he was the son of an emancipated slave who was a street-crier in a small provincial town; but that he had "flown beyond his nest," inasmuch as he had been for years the friend and confidant not only of the Emperor, but of the greatest men in the State—in Literature, in Peace, and in War.

Well, that was a fine record, and from the first, and throughout, he had had his reward; and, unlike Swift, required no corrosive epitaph to redress and perpetuate his wrongs.

Now, let me take as a contrast to Horace, a man of letters of to-day, but in a different walk of Literature.

Of him you can say that he was a Canadian, born sixty-eight years ago in a small village, and brought up in poverty; that forty odd years ago he came over to England as a very young man, to "conquer the intellectual world"—as he half-humorously and half-seriously said in his conceit; that he wrote books to that end; and that, like Horace, although "flying beyond his nest," he received, first and last, the *private* commendations of the greatest existing names in English thought, of every school—Huxley, Lecky, Sir Leslie Stephen, Dr. Martineau, and many others still living—all of whom, differing as they did fundamentally from each other over wide areas of speculation, differed even more widely from himself.

And, further, that in spite of it, these men, not only by themselves, and "off their own bat," as it were, succeeded in getting him Government pensions to carry on his work; but later, carried him triumphantly into the ——— Club itself—the recognised home of all that is greatest, most distinguished, and most select in all departments of life in the English-speaking world.

And, further, you can say that, unknown as he was, the reviewers of books for the great responsible organs of the Press (much as they are maligned) gave his books as they successively appeared such a series of complimentary notices as, I will venture to say, has not been paralleled in my time on his own subjects in the case of any other writer. That, too, it must be admitted, is a creditable record.

But now, as its reverse and offset, you will also be obliged to set down this:

That, even after his best books had successively appeared, no editor of any accredited Review could be found who would accept an article from him, even on his own subjects, for twenty years; until Mr. Courtney, much-daring, took him up in the "Fortnightly"; that no publisher could be found to publish his books, except at his own risk and cost, for forty years; that his mere name has never been mentioned more than once in a newspaper among other authors during all that time; nor, so far as he is aware, been even casually mentioned more than half a dozen times in any newspaper, journal, review, or book—except, of course, in their first Press notices.

The last mention of him, he tells me, was a few years ago in a Review; and was intended apparently to give him his *coup de grace*. It ran thus: "We are not aware that —— is an author whom people of culture are expected to have read."

Poor devil! although he took all this semi-humorously and wholly contemptuously, it was not—as with Browning, Meredith, Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, and others who finally "arrived"—with any sourness. He was too active, busy and light-heartedly buoyant, with new ideas for that; and felt that only life and *more books* would be necessary to bring him fame!

But, as the years came and faded, and he was now fighting on a declining day, he began at last to feel, poor fellow, that he must be, in some queer way or other, like those tabooed spots in ancient Rome, where thunderbolts had fallen; and which, as classical readers will remember, were railed off for none to approach, in the fear of some unseen and unknown calamity happening either to themselves or to the State. He was reminded of poor Samuel Butler (who at last has now come into his own), but who until his death had to complain to Mr. Clodd (who has just written a reminiscence of him) that he was obliged to throw his stack of unsold books at people's heads, like tract distributors in the streets, on the chance that some poor devil might read them. This was, for the good, but sensitive and soured, Butler, the last degradation.

I have understood from my Canadian friend that you, Sir, were the first and the last editor who ever asked him of your own initiative, and without his importunity, to write an article for him (I think he said it was on Ruskin), and hence my writing this account of him to you. I thought that you, like Mr. Courtney, must have been a much-daring man—but the immortal gods, I am glad to see, have not as yet struck you with their thunderbolts for your impiety!

But what is the important point in all this? you may ask.

It is intended for young men entering on a literary career; in order to ascertain the causes of this curious and fatal discrepancy between the attitude of his few stalwart supporters who never failed him from the beginning and throughout; and that of the Many who look to them as much as to newspapers or reviews for their guidance.

They have always seemed to himself to be the following:

First, that he was a Canadian at a time when Culture was no more expected to come out of Canada than a prophet out of Nazareth.

Second, that he had been educated at a Canadian University; and so was a "stranger within the gates," without any personal touch with the young English University men of his own age and time.

Third, that, although writing on the whole range of Academical subjects—Religion, Philosophy, Science, Sociology, Political Economy and Politics, first or last, separately and in their complex relations as a whole—he was not a Professor in any University, in any one of

these subjects; but was only an ordinary professional man earning his living by his profession.

Fourth, that, after the deaths of Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and the rest, these Academicals had each declined on his particular Specialism; so that as a united body, like their German *confrères*, they had succeeded in their bulk and aggregate, in dominating the Intellectual World, in making and unmaking reputations, and in bearing the palm alone.

But last, and chief of all—there was no section of cultivated opinion, even among his own staunch and select body of private backers, who could altogether accept, without detriment to their integrity, the general drift and upshot of his published opinions and speculations. Not the exponents of Christianity—because, although he argued for the existence of an Intelligence governing the World, as against the Agnostics, he was not a believer in any orthodox school of Theology. Not the Scientists—for although he held strongly by Evolution (as his books showed), he did not believe in either Herbert Spencer or Darwin's materialistic doctrine of Natural Selection as a full and sufficient, or even credible, solution of the Problem of the World—any more than he did in the doctrines of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, or the other great philosophers of the Ancient World. Not the Political Economists and Free-traders—for he was the first to start the campaign in favour of Protection, and give to it its scientific basis and correlated principles, in one of the Monthly Reviews, a year and more before Mr. Chamberlain appeared on the scene. Not the Politicians—for he belonged to no existing political party; but had even the audacity to propound a new one of his own! Not the Socialists—for he preached that Man was an animal that went in *herds* and *families*, but with a spark of the Divine, or the Ideal within him, to push him on, under the guidance of Leaders; and could not—as with Mr. Webb, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Wells—be conceived as an aggregate of *separate units*, like hawks, voyaging through life and foraging alone.

Dr. J. Beattie Crozier.

Hence my friend's isolation; and hence the published remark of one of his opponents, that he was "an old Canadian Ishmaelite whose hand was against every man's, and who had come to England in middle life (his actual age was twenty-two) to revolutionise the World!" With such an ominous bird as my friend hovering around, and not knowing where and when he might next alight and strike, how could his good supporters of the Government Pensions, and the ——— Club, venture to emerge on his behalf in print, without compromising their own special standpoints and propaganda? It could not be done. He quite understood it, and, indeed, did not expect it. He even warned one young man who had a future before him in Political Economy, and who had been reading his book on that subject, not to mention his name; otherwise the Orthodox Economists would boycott him, and cut him off all hope of getting the Chair in that Science to which he aspired.

What, then, was my Canadian friend to do? Wait for the slow and noiseless foot of Posterity—with which poor Hazlitt comforted himself, against not the *neglect* (for he was abused in every newspaper of his time), but the *injustice* of his critics—that same Hazlitt about whom the crowned and laurelled Louis Stevenson himself wrote: "What are we all compared to Hazlitt?" But my Canadian friend was not of the Hazlitt kidney. He did not care a fig for hostile criticism, but would have welcomed it rather than that dark and corroding "conspiracy of silence" under which he lay.

But still the problem continued to perplex and irritate him—as to why there should not be some feasible way of bridging the gulf between the judgments of the select few, recognised by all, and the many. He gave it up as insoluble; and so remained all those years be-leed on the rocks, untouched by the wind or tide of popularity—unknown, unhonoured, and unsung in any sphere among the great masses of reading men. He had proof that this was not imagination; for, on the occasions of his getting Government pensions, at least three writers for the Press ventured, in other words, to stake their odds that his name had never even been heard of by their readers!—and that after at least twenty years of work.

And yet his books have continued to sell in some mysterious, underground way for now nearly forty years; few and stealthily, it is true, as if they had been some guilty thing surprised; while all this time, great waves of fresh reputations in his own lines of work—the Drummonds, the Kidds, the Shaws and the rest, as well as whole hosts of Specialist Academicals—with their Theologies, their Philosophies, their Sociologies, their Political Economies—rose and fell. It was evident that my friend had fallen, not between the proverbial two stools, but between them all! Still, his "Old Guard" of stalwarts (some of them, first or last, O.M.'s) were as solid for him as ever—although their

numbers were gradually thinning by age or death—and that, too, in spite of his old individual differences from them in standpoint, interpretation and belief.

Lately, however, and since he has grown old himself, and the silence still reigns, as if, as he said, "it listened to itself," he declares to me, that rather than be awed down and girdled in by adverse Fate, like those railed-off spots in Rome, he is determined before he dies, like Macbeth, to jump Posterity and "the life to come," and in desperation stake his earthly hazards, now and here! But on what? thinks the reader. On Advertisement!—a thing of all others he had throughout most ignored, neglected and despised.

"Good Heavens!" I said in amazement. "Like 'Pink Pills,' 'Dunlop Tyres,' 'Hollands Gin,' and that sort of thing?"

"Precisely."

"But where, how and when, as Carlyle said of Mahomet, are you to get your sword of execution?"

"Why, first of all, I shall recruit my splendid Press notices in my services—old veterans, many of them, I admit—but still unused and better now even than in their prime—and especially since Public Opinion of itself is more and more gravitating towards my leading positions, and away from those of the Public of thirty years ago. And besides these, I shall advertise such opinions on my books as the remnants of my 'Old Guard,' still living, are willing to allow me to print under their own names, and by their own special dictation—always excepting of course those particular books which I knew beforehand would run counter to the special beliefs of each. I think this is a good 'sporting proposition,' don't you? It will be really funny to see the result; and if I can get these men to come to my rescue, I shall ask my publishers to keep their eye on the sales! It is bound to succeed. But what do *you* think of it?"

"Well, if you get these men, won't it seem like a bit of 'log-rolling'?" I gently suggested.

"Not at all! I have never known but one of them personally—for, as you know, I have always been a recluse."

"All right! Go ahead then, and see how you get on. But, as you ask me, I should say, from my own experience of life, that you can back the advertisements, with the cards you have in your hand, against the *private* opinions even of your 'Old Guard of stalwarts,' when these opinions circulate only from hand to hand."

"Good! we shall see; and then I will let you know."

Some months later I met him near his Club, and at once asked him how his "Old Guard" had responded to his proposition?

"Excellently! all to a man, not only whole-heartedly, but with alacrity"; adding with animation: "As you know, Gladstone, the late King Edward and Queen Victoria made many reputations in a day by a word, or a published stroke of their pens—although in the end only the great Critics and those who *know*, have the deciding voice. I neither expect anything, nor wish for anything, but the reasoned judgments of the 'best,' when, as in a Law Court, they are apprised of the case in hand, and called on to decide. This thing of mine is only an experiment to beguile the time; and to see if there be any way of bridging the gulf between the opinions of the few and the many. For the many, it may be observed, look more to the opinions of *outstanding individuals*, than to mere Press notices, however good, for their guidance—and if these great personalities, either themselves or through their accredited representatives, do not speak out, nothing will avail, unless, indeed, like Hazlitt, you go to your grave relying on—Posterity!"

"But how about the sales?" I enquired.

"I have not yet asked my publishers," he said, somewhat ominously and downheartedly I thought.

"But if your scheme does not come off, will you, as the Tommies say 'be downhearted?'"

"Not I," he replied contemptuously. "Like Dr. Johnson, in his reply to Lord Chesterfield, I am tired, and do not care; I am old, and do not want the 'sweet voices' either of gods or men."

This he said, I thought, very bitterly, as if in a mordant humour, for some cause or other, unusual with him. And then he went on with a more quiet seriousness of tone:

"It is only, as I have said, an experiment to beguile my time, and may serve as a warning or encouragement, as the case may be, to the young men coming on, as to what they ought to do or avoid; and of what value they are to attach to the views of the few and the many. But I still hold to my opinion, that this can only be brought to a head in the first instance by advertisement—and then to watch what comes of it. Yes, by base, vulgar advertisement! Most of my books are now nearing the end of their existing editions, and I do not intend at my age, to republish them—and certainly not again at my own expense."

"But should these advertisements not succeed in lifting the veil of silence, and bridging the gulf—what then?"

"Then you may write my epitaph, and say: Here lies a Canadian who, coming to his Motherland in his youth, as to his literary home, felt that he had not received in the strictest and best sporting sense 'fair play' from the general literary world. And say besides, that, although Landor even—the literary outcast of his time, who had little but abuse for his contemporaries—could live long enough to say on his epitaph that he 'had warmed both hands at the fire of life, and now was ready to depart,' your Canadian friend had gone to his grave with both his hands frozen, and in silence and obscurity."

New Books.

A POET OF LIFE.*

Mr. Gibson proves himself more and more a poet to be reckoned with. These "Dramatic Reveries," to use his sub-title, are compact of imagination. The poet takes a dramatic situation, mainly from the common everyday life of the working man, and he goes through it, realising in detail just what that man or that woman thought: making the reader realise it so vividly that one almost cries out to him at times to spare one the end one fears. As, for instance, the man who is lost in the coal-mine; when the poet relents and saves him at last, the reader draws a deep breath of relief. The poems are so much extraordinarily vivid and compelling short stories that they might be read with zest by a man with no poetry in his soul, although that man would miss the beauty of poetry which lies over the tale. Sometimes the stories are tragic: sometimes tragedy is averted: sometimes they are happy and full of youth and love and hope, and that is as it should be, for life is made up of all sorts. The driver driving his beasts in a snow-storm over the fells is depicted for us with extraordinary energy and fire. You feel the bitter cold. Then there is a little golden study, "The Swing," of a young servant-maid off for the day and swinging in the swing-boats with a boy, full of innocent pleasure. You feel it:

> "How it burned—
> The blazing sun in the blue sky!
> And it was good to swing so high—
> So high, into the burning blue
> Until it seemed they'd swing right through."

"Daffodils," with its sense of humour is, perhaps, the most charming of these dramatic reveries. The daffodils set Mr. Gibson's old crock-mender to laughing at the folly of his "betters," and they laugh with him. Mr. Gibson's Muse is not often concerned with the laughter of his working-folk, though there must be laughter in these annals of the poor. Two or three are influenced by the war. There is a poignant one—"Between the Lines"—of the wounded soldier lying in No Man's Land; and there are others. But mainly his themes are of the great things of common life—birth and death and love and pity, and patience and faith. Over these things, which are the common lot, the poet rains the golden glories of his poetry. One might ask: "Do working people think like that? Is it likely?" And one answers one's own question: for it was the working people of England who made the most precious things of our temporal life, who shaped the great ballads, and through an infinity of progression in beautiful making built the cathedrals. There is a nobility about this book. The poets who handle such themes—in England, at least—sometimes think it necessary to give us ugliness. Not so Mr. Gibson. His humble, human life has the dignity, if the inevitableness, of Nature herself.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE SILVER CHAIN.†

Before we have had time to get over our surprise that Mr. William De Morgan should have commenced his career as a novelist at the ripe age of sixty-seven, Sir W. B. Richmond comes and breaks that record by publishing his first novel at the age of seventy-three. It is interesting to note that there is this much in common between these two late beginners: each has a leisurely, pleasantly gossipy style, each is concerned more with character and incident than with any elaborate plot; and each from a long experience of life has distilled a genial, tolerant, worldly-wise philosophy. The chief man of the story is Henry Selinder, a middle-aged, widowed literary man, known among his friends as the Philosopher, and commonly spoken of by them and by the author as an old man, though he is only forty-seven. The main interest of it all gathers about him and Mary Esprit; the relations between these two are developed skilfully, and the reader is brought so much into sympathy with them that he will probably feel a touch of disappointment that the conventionally happy ending was not their portion. They meet aboard ship on the way to Egypt; Mary travelling in charge of her staid Victorian aunt, Mrs. Moss. Selinder is comparatively poor, and Mary, curiously perverse, but shrewdly intelligent, is well aware that for family reasons she must marry a man of means. Nevertheless, she sees no harm in playing at love with him; with all her good qualities, she has a weakness for playing that game, and has innocently played it before. She has beauty, brilliance, a charm of manner that attracts men, and there seems the less risk in letting Selinder flutter round the candle because he is wise and old enough to be her father; and he even persuades himself at the outset that his feeling for her is more of fatherly affection than anything else. They begin to realise the truth, however, before they separate, he to go to Sicily, where he is to work in retirement on a book; and she, after a further sojourn in Cairo, to proceed to Rome where she will meet a wealthy financier whom her family are anxious she should marry. One grudges her to such a man as this financier; and it is a cruel irony that steps in between her and happiness at last when apoplexy has deftly put the financier out of

Sir W. Blake Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.

* "Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

† "The Silver Chain." By Sir William Blake Richmond, K.C.B., R.A. 6s. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

he way. There are minor threads of interest, especially the delightful love-idyll of Herbert Clayton and his adorable little model in Rome; and, all through, the pages are brightened by the author's sound philosophy of life. Selinder's letter of counsel to young Clayton might be read with profit by most young artists, and young authors. There is far more sunshine than shadow in the tale, and the manner of its telling, the quiet humour and satire of its commentary on things in general, holds you as you are held in listening to the spontaneous divagations of a good talker.

NEW GODS AND OLD.*

Years ago, Mr. Walkley stated what has since become a commonplace of criticism; but at the time was practised by few and admitted by still fewer. He rejected the pose of the judicial or dogmatic critic, and claimed: "I have taken the less stately view of him as a vagabond, who accepts his impressions as they come, and changes his moods with his horizons. . . . To have as many impressions as fortune willed—if irreconcilable, no matter—about the same work; to find the arguments for and against equally good; to be, in fine, multilateral, '*ondoyant et divers*'; these seemed to me the true objects of that 'art of enjoying masterpieces,' which is one sort of criticism." Twenty-four years ago that sounded heretical; we were still slaves to the old Jonsonian, *Quarterly*, hang and draw, or reluctantly reprieve school of reviewing. From that slavery no one has done more to release us than Mr. Arthur Symons. His power of wide appreciations does not indicate any lack of standard. Sometimes the modern school falls, betrayed by a wholesale enthusiasm, into a general letting-down of the artistic canon. Mr. Walkley too often wrote of Henry Arthur Jones as if he were Ibsen, and of Ibsen as if he were Henry Arthur Jones. There is none of that in Mr. Symons's fine method. For him the rule is to judge each work of art by the canons which itself suggests. He is as welcoming to the new as he is discriminating and just to the old. He can praise adhesion to law, and he does not despise the man who makes new laws.

In this he has had predecessors, and none sounder or greater than Charles Lamb, of whom he writes a most delicately generous appreciation. Is not this a really interpretative eulogy?

> "To read Lamb makes a man more humane, more tolerant, more dainty; incites to every natural piety, strengthens reverence; while it clears the brain of whatever dull fumes may have lodged there, stirs up all his senses to wary alertness, and actually quickens his vitality, like high pure air. . . . Kindness, in him, embraces mankind, not with the wide, engulfing arms of philanthropy, but with an individual caress. He is almost the sufficient type of virtue, so far as virtue can ever be loved; for there is not a weakness in him which is not the bastard of some good quality, and not an error which has an unsocial origin."

Although Mr. Symons is fair to all his subjects, he has a natural bias to the more human—Lamb, Casanova, John Downe, these are more gently and reverently handled than so great a figure as Ibsen, whose gigantic sense of discomfort seems to terrify his critic. And, indeed, it is in the essay on Ibsen, and him alone, that I catch Mr. Symons falling a little from his own high standard. The essay is mainly concerned with denying to Ibsen the name of poet; and it concludes:

> "Given the character and the situation, what Ibsen asks at the moment of crisis is: What would this man be most likely to say? Not, What would be the finest, the most deeply revealing thing that he could say? In that difference lies all the difference between prose and poetry."

Now it seems to me there is a serious fallacy here. Putting aside the peculiar character of drama, is it sound criticism to assume that the likeliest and the finest do not coincide? Is it not nearer to truth that in the greatest drama, whether in prose or verse, they always do coincide? That such a line as "Cover her face: my eyes dazzle: she died young" is splendid because it is at once inevitable and beautiful. The likeliest is the finest. And this is certainly true of the later Ibsen. In Little Eyolf, in the Master Builder, in John Gabriel Borkman, one certainly hears sentences which could not be otherwise. And that is the ultimate test of art, whether prose or poetry—if you cannot change a thing without ruin, then you have achieved a rightness which is its own justification.

To find Mr. Symons at his best one turns to the essays on contemporaries—on Swinburne, on Meredith, on Patmore and on Pater. Mr. Symons does not try to write brilliantly. He has none of that weary search after the exciting phrase which spoils clever critics; yet few can excel him in the unlaboured wit of real insight. Here is this on Meredith:

> "In prose he would have every sentence shine, in verse he would have every line sparkle; like a lady who puts on all her jewellery at once, immediately after breakfast."

In the papers on Patmore and Pater Mr. Symons gives us some of his own recollections of these two strange men of genius. Pater encouraged him in his own writing; and it is interesting to know that the only authors whom Pater mentioned to his young disciple were Shakespeare, Browning and Rossetti. In the essay on Patmore I am glad to read the emphatic praise of "Religio Poetae" and "Rod, Root and Flower" as "adequate and achieved prose of a very rare kind." Only those who have read Patmore carefully and often will know how true is Mr. Symons's judgment that:

> "Thought, in him, is of the very substance of poetry, and is sustained throughout at almost the lyrical pitch. There is, in these essays, a rarefied air as of the mountain tops of meditation; and the spirit of their sometimes remote contemplation is always in one sense, as Pater has justly said of Wordsworth, impassioned. Only in the finest of his poems has he surpassed these pages of chill and ecstatic prose."

Mr. Freeman is not an appreciator. He is closer to the older, dogmatic critics; and, as he writes from a very definite standpoint, his book has a real polemical interest. It is a mistake to despise this interest. The artists are few who have desired to be weighed as artists only; and modern art is peculiarly susceptible to standards other than the æsthetic. It is not by any means the whole of modern literature with which Mr. Freeman deals; and it is not easy to see why he has omitted any discussion of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky. It is easy to understand his inclusions. It is only in the essay on Bridges that I find pure æsthetic admiration as the driving-force. In the other papers, Mr. Freeman is writing either to attack or defend. He defends Patmore, Thompson and Henry James: he attacks Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and with most success, M. Maeterlinck.

It may be guessed from this that Mr. Freeman dislikes the revolutionists. But his nearness to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells prevents him from doing them justice, and at the same time makes him magnify their importance. He would write a better essay on Rousseau than on Mr. Wells, and a more far-sighted attack on Voltaire than on Mr. Shaw.

As an example of his unfairness to Mr. Shaw I prefer to take not the discussion of Mr. Shaw's philosophy, but the exposition of his art. He says that Mr. Shaw is "a capital example" of the distinction between wit and humour:

> "Of humour he has probably as little as any comic dramatist, who was not also a poet, ever rejoiced in. . . . Kindliness, tenderness—these are words which seem almost ludicrously inapplicable to Mr. Shaw's work; they are forgotten in the fierceness of his romance-renouncing satire."

It is true Mr. Shaw has more wit than humour; and that is surely all that is true in this attack. Is there no humour in Bluntschli? Or in Candida? Is humour lacking in Lady Cecily? What is the Bishop in "Getting Married" if not humorous? And whatever quality Mr. Shaw's Cæsar lacks, it is neither kindliness nor humour. I would suggest that Mr. Freeman has been led astray by Mr. Shaw's mannerisms; and that he forgets that humour may be expressed through wit, just as it may be

* "Figures of Several Centuries." By A. Symons. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Moderns." By John Freeman. 5s. net. (Robert Scott.)

expressed by irony ; that it is indeed the soul of both those inferior qualities, and that no one has ever been really witty who had no humour to beget his wit.

In the essay on Hardy, Mr. Freeman's critical capacity is seen to much greater advantage. He has no difficulty in respecting Mr. Hardy's work, and he comes to it with the reverence which one gives to more sombre philosophies, even when one dislikes and distrusts them. He insists on Hardy's supreme merit as a poet ; and although I can hardly go so far as Mr. Freeman in his praise of Hardy's "pure lyrical gift," I have never met a happier interpretation of his peculiar quality than in this judgment on the short poems :

> "Take from these poems their occasional slyness, and you have much that Wordsworth might have written in moods of misgiving."

Mr. Freeman draws attention to the date of much of Hardy's verse, which is contemporaneous with the best of the Rossettis', of Morris, of Swinburne and Browning. If the influence of the last is not infrequently to be found, it is still astonishing how completely individual was the young poet's work, as individual as his later triumph, "The Dynasts," which Mr. Freeman rightly puts beside Tolstoy's "War and Peace."

The essay on Maeterlinck is by far the best in the book. Mr. Freeman sees, as few critics have, that M. Maeterlinck's essential work really ends with "Aglavaine et Selysatte." Later things, such as "Monna Vanna" and "L'Oiseau Bleu" have their peculiar beauties ; but when they are most beautiful they are mainly reminiscent. The real Maeterlinck is still to be found in "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Les Aveugles" and "Les Trois Petites Drames." You may not like these plays ; but they are unforgettable, they achieve their purpose, and they have neither ancestor nor descendant. They stand as solitary as the best poems of Poe, as haunting as some lyric of Blake's.

Mr. Freeman's true enthusiasms are shown in the essay on Patmore. Although it cannot compare with Mr. Symons's as writing or as appreciation, it may usefully be read with it as a key to that side of Patmore which the ordinary Englishman finds disconcerting and even disgusting. Patmore was, first and always, a mystic : he knew at first hand ; and it is always worth while for the rest of us to try and understand the men who have been on Sinai. And in the effort to understand Patmore Mr. Freeman's essay will be found singularly helpful and trustworthy.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THEME AND CHARACTER.*

We have nowadays progressed very far in technical respects from the ancient ways of writing fiction in English. Not only has the subject-matter of our novels suffered a kind of sea change ; the manner itself has become a thing of profound importance even to the casual novel-reader. That may, perhaps, go hand in hand as a trait with the decline of invention in our stories about life ; but it is none the less a point of considerable importance to be remembered by whomsoever will take the trouble to examine some of our characteristic modern fiction. First of all it will be observed that interest in plot has given place to interest in theme or in temperament ; and then one may notice how much is allowed to depend upon the *presentment* of any subject that is offered for inspection. Miss Sidgwick, let us say, will group with a deft hand any number of charming people, and will extract comedy from their normal interaction with a finish that is wholly her own. And in the case of "Hatchways," the newest novel to come from Miss Sidgwick, she will, as it were, nationalise her characters by presenting them ("everyone for themselves—nothing prescribed—it's England, that") through the eyes of an observant Frenchman. Having established a focus, Miss Sidgwick, with a skill and a conversational fluency that is almost too accomplished, will play her intricate comedy for our pleasure. That the comedy does not go very deep into the troublesome places of the human conflict, but that it is incessantly sure and amusing, with a quality denied to many laborious toilers in the field of character, is sufficient testimony to the agreeable talent which sees life in terms of such finished comedy. We may well be truly obliged to Miss Sidgwick for her smiling skill, her unfailing finesse, in providing a microcosm expressly for our delectation ; and if we desire that she will presently grapple with matter more poignant, that must not be attributed to a feeling of ingratitude for the lighter sports of "Hatchways."

Where Miss Sidgwick thus concentrates upon a social theme which is the all of one piece, raised to importance by her address and her power to conceive such a refined and friendly turmoil, Mr. Mais, with less accomplishment, plunges us violently into the very minute of our day. Mr. Mais does this with such vehement and enthusiastic breathlessness that he spoils an excellent intention. Wishing to show a young man, adoring London and dangerously emotional in his contact with life, he dashes by the shortest cuts into a really farcical impromptu. Speed, loquaciousness, distressing catalogues of last season's books and authors, preoccupation with the liaison as an ultimate indication of character—these are defects in Mr. Mais's method. One does, it is true, get an impression that everything has happened within the last five minutes ; but at such a strain to one's seriousness, and with such temptation to one's natural levity, as to make the book at times painful reading. With such enthusiasm, Mr. Mais might well cultivate a greater reserve, for without restraint, and a humorous perception of the danger he runs by too headlong a fluency of composition, he will hardly cure the faults of "Interlude."

From Miss Sidgwick's suave felicity and the turbulence of Mr. Mais we may turn with acute appreciation to the first novel of "Clemence Dane." "Regiment of Women" is a peculiarly modern novel, both in theme and in treatment. It is primarily a study of character, microscopic in its precision ; but its quality does not consist simply in its veracity. It is a good deal less debonair than "Hatchways." It pries into the minor secrets of human intercourse, dissecting them with a biting humour, almost without anger or hostility, appreciating and revealing them with a remorseless candour that is never inhuman. The study of a woman of dominating character, the explicit indications of the malign power which such ruthless egoism may exert upon others ; the picture of a highly-strung little girl driven to desperation under this woman's influence ; the counterpoise of sanity as it is represented in a sensitive girl also influenced but able by more normal love for a good and humorous man at last to secure emancipation from the thrall ; for all of these things the book would be remarkable. "Clemence Dane" writes of life in a girl's school with an exactitude that throws up the tragic conflict against a background of detail so closely observed as to be engrossing upon its own account. That, if anything, would, perhaps, be the book's fault, that, and the fact that one is forced at times to read on less by interest than by apprehensiveness. But for whatever reason one reads, the fact is certain that one does read ; and that one is deeply conscious of the spiritual struggle that is continuing throughout. "Clemence Dane's" manner is pointed and efficient to a degree far beyond the average ; her experience is shown by the book's singular precision, and by a range of allusion that goes very much farther afield than the subject would normally require. The book is modern in its expertness, and in its concentration. Its dialogue is excellent, whether the material is serious or humorous. Its handling of individual scenes is, upon the whole, superior to its total sum, because in retrospect one is inclined to believe that the author's acute mind has occasionally led her to change—not her

* "Hatchways." By Ethel Sidgwick. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Interlude." By S. P. B. Mais. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Regiment of Women." By Clemence Dane. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

standpoint, which is excellently secure; but her immediate aim. That is to say, the characters are not so much a part of the whole as successive sounding-boards for the dominating character of Clare. They, perhaps, hardly present themselves as having a life concurrent with hers; while at the same time they have a reality and a personal interest for the reader which serves to distract attention from Clare and a little to dissipate it. But whatever be its faults, if they should be faults indeed which are here indicated, the book is significant and worthy to be read. Of the three books at present under consideration it is perhaps the most typical of the modern scrutinising temper, and as a first novel it is decidedly of unusual merit.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

PARLIAMENTARY RECOLLECTIONS.*

Lord George Hamilton states in his preface that he wrote these reminiscences as "a distraction from the ever-present anxieties of the war," and the readers of this volume will no doubt also find such distraction. In these times it is good that our thoughts should be taken for an hour or so off the subject which engrosses us day and night, and for this reason, among others, this volume is welcome. The author is a distinguished statesman. At an early age he entered Parliament as member for Middlesex in the Tory interest, defeating no less a personage than Labouchere, upon whom he comments caustically. He won the favour of Disraeli, and in his thirtieth year (in 1874) became Under-Secretary for India. Four years later he was appointed Vice-President of the Council, retiring with his party in 1880, and with the return of the Conservatives to power in 1885 he took up the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, which he held until 1892. During 1894–5 he was Chairman of the London School Board, and then, until 1903, he held the post of Secretary of State for India. A son of the first Duke of Abercorn, he met everyone who was anybody in society; as a politician of note he became acquainted with all persons of distinction in political circles. In this book he modestly declares that much of his success was due to luck, but luck is not a factor which endures through life, and it may be stated without fear of contradiction that his success was due to ability and hard work. He was interested in his job, and he laboured at it unceasingly, as many passages in these reminiscences might be cited to prove.

Lord George Hamilton entered Parliament when it was the preserve of rich men, and he mentions incidentally that the cost of his first three elections in the aggregate amounted to £30,000:

"Every vote polled cost about £1 a head. All kinds of abuses prevailed; a vast number of solicitors was engaged at high fees as district agents; all the flies, buses, and carriages available were hired on the pretext of conveying voters to the poll, and travelling expenses from all parts of the kingdom were allowed."

Happily, Sir Henry James's "Corrupt Practices Act," which became law in 1883, put an end to this orgy of expenditure.

Lord George Hamilton is still an ardent politician, using the word in its best sense. He states that, while writing as a Tory and as Free-trader, he had no intention of formulating charges against any party or section of political opinion, but, he continues:

"The mere narrative of the events of the seventeen years embraced by these reflections forms a continuous and accumulating indictment of the Pacifist or Manchester School of politicians. During this period their action throughout, as is shown by indisputable facts, has been harmful to the body politic. They have promoted the very evils they tried to extirpate, and they have, at the same time, drifted into an attitude of antagonism to the cultivation and the self-sacrificing qualities associated with that virtue."

In these days when there are no parties in the State, this passage is quoted merely to indicate the point of view of the author. It is only fair to him to state that, party man though he was, throughout his career he subordinated party to policy, and if he was a Tory, he was first and foremost a patriot.

He had, it is true, his likes and dislikes, but these were dictated by the opinions he formed of the persons concerned. He gives interesting character sketches of Labouchere, Parnell, W. H. Smith, Archbishop Magee, Delane, Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, and many others. Some of the most interesting pages of this volume are devoted to the two great parliamentarians of his day, Disraeli and Gladstone. To Disraeli, who was his political godfather, he was whole-heartedly devoted:

"Disraeli," he writes of his early days, "took constant and kindly notice of me, praising me when he thought I had done well, but snubbing me when I was bumptious. One day I said to him, 'You see, Mr. Disraeli, that I was quite right in all I said the other day!' 'Oh, were you,' said he, 'then, my dear boy, say it all over again!'"

He pays a tribute to the great man, which is valuable, as coming from one who knew him well:

"Disraeli was so complex a personality that only those who knew him and whom he liked came in contact with the fine and fascinating traits of his inner self. He was much more sensitive than was generally believed; his immovable and sphinx-like callousness in debate was originally a pose, but it gradually became second nature. He was profoundly conscious of his unpopularity in certain quarters, and especially amongst those with whom he was anxious to establish personal relations. To those whom he liked and who were intimate with him, he revealed an extraordinarily kind and magnanimous disposition. He was the staunchest of friends and most brilliant and entertaining of hosts."

Of Gladstone Lord George Hamilton gives less pleasing pictures. He insists again and again upon his "trickiness," but he admits that

"No statesman in my time possessed anything approaching his marvellous histrionic power. It is true that the pose was always the same *vir pictate gravis*; but the wonderful adaptation of this pose to every parliamentary difficulty and contingency was an exhibition of the highest art, and this pose so grew upon him that it became to him second nature."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1868–1885." By the Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton, G.C.S.I., LL.D., D.C.L. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

THE EMPIRE OF SILENCE.*

It would be a dull world if we all agreed with Mr. Courtenay and never talked to each other except on those rare occasions when we had something wise or important to say. There was more wisdom in such friendly, frivolous gossip as Lamb's and Hood's than in all the barren silences of monks and anchorites. Milton knew the folly of the man who

"With superfluous burdens loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains,"

and though Carlyle was a great apostle of silence, he was in practice, as Mr. Courtenay acknowledges, an incorrigible talker. There is always something a little ridiculous and small about the man who can only assert his superiority by making himself mysterious to his fellows and keeping his mouth shut. It is at once more human, more courageous, larger-minded to place no reliance on such self-concealments, to talk naturally and easily as a man among men and let yourself be known for what you are. Nevertheless, Mr. Courtenay has done a good service in bringing together what has been said by poets, philosophers, and others, past and present, in praise of silence, the need and the power of it. He has covered the ground carefully and conscientiously, and made an imposing case for the belief that is in him. He treats of every type of silence, and does not even neglect the humours of it. His book interests and amuses you, whether you share his convictions or not.

* "The Empire of Silence." By the Rev. Charles Courtenay. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

Il Silenzio.

S. Peter Martyr. By Fra Angelico.
From "The Empire of Silence" (Sampson Low).

THE MIDDLE YEARS.*

The ease, the charm, the friendliness and bright spirit with which Katharine Tynan gave us her earlier reminiscences in "Twenty-Five Years" are all here again in the delightful volume in which she gossips of the full and fruitful, the varied and interesting "Middle Years," from 1891 to 1911. The earlier volume was mainly Irish, but the new one journeys farther afield, though it begins with the beloved home-land and closes with the return thereto. In between we hear of the journey to England and marriage, the settling down in place after place, and the holiday sojournings—"the names of those English places where we made holiday are like golden beads on a string, Westerham, Ockley, Bletchingley, Malvern." Through all we are made to realise something of the wide and deep human interests of the author in the midst of her "domesticities," and may well marvel that, with such hosts of friends, she has been able, even with what she whimsically terms her "deplorable facility," to write her many novels and stories and all that sweet and tender poetry in which, as she somewhere says, she has lived to herself. The spirit of place, the spirit of poetry, the spirit of friendship, and above all the spirit of personality, combine to place this fresh volume of the reminiscences of "K. T."—there is something of the tribute of love in the fact that she becomes "K. T." to all who know her well—among the most attractive and delightful works of its kind.

Those readers who find letters, with a lower-case initial, frequently the most fascinating part of sometimes over-capitalised Letters will have much to charm them in this volume, and not the less so that many of the letters are those of living people. Two of the earliest chapters give, connected with a bright thread of narrative, letters from Mr. W. B. Yeats, written during the years 1887–91, and afford many glimpses of that poet's early life in London and of the people whom he met. Here is an entertaining bit showing the way in which many of us fell under the sway of William Morris's vigorous personality:

"I was at Morris's again since I wrote, and I like Morris greatly, though I find much in his philosophy of life altogether alien. He talks freely about everything. He called the English 'the Jews of the North.' He seems really worshipped by those about him, by young S. especially, who carries it so far that when he was telling Rhys about his engagement to Miss —— he said: 'She is very beautiful, Morris says so, you know.'"

In another of Mr. Yeats's letters we have this note on Mr. John Burns in the guise of art critic:

"I met John Burns and his wife at Morris's Sunday evening—a fine black-bearded man full of zeal—a sailor once—denounced Leighton's pictures—the reason came out after a bit—the paddle of the boat in 'Arts of Peace' at South Kensington much too large."

It is to its glances at contemporaries, at men and women still with us or those who have gone and are yet freshly remembered, that Katharine Tynan's book owes something of its charm. Too often gossip about people in whom one generation is interested has been withheld until the personal attraction may have largely waned, as the new generation rises with its fresher interests; this has been especially so in regard to familiar correspondence, and many among her readers will, we think, feel grateful to Katharine Tynan for having broken with that tradition. Her whole volume has indeed the pleasant charm of a long, gossipy letter, in which she embodies extracts from letters that she has herself received; reading it, we find not only pleasant entertainment in incident and anecdote, but something deeper and more satisfying in the tenderness and understanding humour with which the people whom the author has known are portrayed—as in the chapters on John O'Mahony and George Wyndham. Even when she is writing of things that have annoyed—the horrible suburbanishness of the London suburbs, the intolerant impertinence of the "society" of certain English towns, and the atmosphere of "Brixton" carried abroad by some folks on holiday in France—she has "a way with her," so it may be that even the criticised will little resent her strictures. If many of the visitors to the little French fishing village were ill-suited to mingle with the literary and artistic group, "the great hollyhocks that stood along the back of the house" were glorious. Descendants of those hollyhocks, by the way, still flourish in the garden of one of "K. T.'s" reviewers, for he pocketed some of the seed during his visit. Readers of this volume may be assured that Katharine Tynan's work will enrich the garden of their memories with much that is interesting, much that is beautiful and much that is fragrant.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "The Middle Years." By Katharine Tynan. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE.*

Mr. Boyd's half-told tale (of four hundred pages) has so many excellent points, both interpretive and critical, that I am sorry he takes little or no account of the other half. His purpose, he tells us in the foreword, is to give "an account of the literature produced in Ireland during the last thirty years, under the impulse of the Celtic Renaissance." He gives us elaborate, often thoughtful, studies of the Anglo-Irish writers—Irish-born authors who have used English—but practically nothing about the work and workers in Irish. If these are not outcomes of "the impulse of the Celtic Renaissance," then that "Renaissance" becomes more of a puzzle than ever. Possibly Mr. Boyd's interesting volume was written at quite different periods, and in very different moods, or he may not have made up his mind for some time as to its actual scope and purpose. Certainly there is some confusion or inconsistency in regard to modern Irish, its position and its literature. We are told of "the definite eclipse of the Irish language" in the nineteenth century, and of "the passing of Gaelic as a literary medium": hopelessly misleading statements in themselves, and impossible to reconcile with other statements regarding "the rise of the (Irish) language movement," the "restoration" of Irish, the value and possibilities thereof, and so on. It would have been an easy matter to avoid contradictions like these. And if half, or even one-fourth, of the book could have been devoted to the contemporary Gaelic writers, with something of the

* "Ireland's Literary Renaissance." By Ernest A. Boyd. 7s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

penetration and discrimination displayed in the study of the best of those who have written in English, the result would have been exceedingly attractive as well as comprehensive. As things stand the presentation is naturally dissatisfying to those who have followed and appreciated both developments. It is also quaint and curious on occasion; for example, where Mr. Boyd, who passes by the really Irish prose-writers who matter, is at pains to mention Mr. George Moore's vicarious effort as a Gaelic story-teller. Mr. Moore years ago caused a few of the tales known to English readers as "The Untilled Field" to be translated into Irish, and appeared to consider it an act of profound condescension on his part, as well as one of momentous import for the tongue of his ancestors, and a number of his neighbours. Mr. Moore's whole part in connection with the Irish language movement was really most delectable, though unconscious, comedy; even yet we can smile when we are reminded of it. Again, Mr. Boyd says much that is pertinent and true about the influence of Gaelic saga and story on the minds and writers of the new generation, but of the modernisations and editions, in fascinating Irish prose, by such authors as Canon O'Leary and "An Seabhac" he either knows or tells nothing. Points raised in the consideration, let us say, of "The King's Threshold," by Mr. W. B. Yeats, read curiously to those who are acquainted with the romantic Irish satire, entitled "Guaire," in Canon O'Leary's modernisation. They are not likely to take Mr. Yeats's hero—of whom fantastic sport is made in the old story—so seriously as is the case with Mr. Yeats and Mr. Boyd. Yet again, when we come to Mr. Boyd's survey of Irish fiction, and find no mention of such a writer as Pádraic O'Conaire—to name the grimmest of Gaelic realists—we are conscious for the twentieth time of the partiality of our guide's Renaissance.

He deals well, however, and sometimes notably, with his half-field, and even the oft-told tale of the Abbey Theatre and its writers has a certain freshness in his presentation. Like Mr. Yeats he somewhat overrates the place and power of Sir Samuel Ferguson, and is mistaken in the statement that Ferguson was a Gaelic scholar, but generally speaking his tribute is judicious. The appreciation of Standish O'Grady is just and welcome, though that vivid writer's later social studies remain unrecognised. The significance of "A. E." is fitly felt and unfolded. Mr. Boyd realises that "A. E." is a mystic in the true sense, while he is more than doubtful that Mr. Yeats is such. Indeed one of the many arresting points of the volume is its clarity in regard to mysticism. Patience appears to be another of its author's virtues. The writers he has dealt with (the great majority of those of the latter-day Anglo-Irish order) he has evidently studied with care and thoroughness, even those novelists whom he calls "circulationists." A record like this, written by one who possesses critical acumen as well as knowledge, brings home to us the very considerable contribution which modern Ireland, or rather a part thereof, has made to literature. When in addition to this we consider the more popular development—and the still greater promise—in Gaelic Ireland, notwithstanding all the drawbacks and difficulties, social, educational, and otherwise, we well may take an exalted view of the artistic possibilities of the nation in circumstances more conducive to naturalness, intensive culture, and creativeness.

W. P. RYAN.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.*

Most humorists in returning to the scene of their previous successes seem to call for the comment "Mixture as Before." They bring the same prescription to bear upon a different situation, and the more the fashion changes the more they remain the same. Tom Hood spoke of the seriousness of being a fun-maker, and it can never come so dismally home as when the jester has occasion to fear that he is becoming *démodé* and obsolete. Mr. Leacock is happily saved from all such risks by his intellectual vigour and high spirits, the freshness of his view, and his capacity for turning everything to account in a variety of forms. Nothing comes amiss to your true wit, as Falstaff says, and he must have meant to test the laughter-maker by his faculty for seizing the passing folly as it flies. In this pursuit our Professor is profoundly at home. Whereas in his earlier books he travelled pretty widely in search of subjects—into life and literature and history—here he applies himself to the affairs of the day, and spins his shining gossamer chiefly out of the morning paper. He takes the title for his book from the mouth of an old gruff bear of a schoolmaster he encountered in his boyhood, and this touch of autobiography is a fresh reminder that our author was certainly not dandled into comicality, as so many of our entertainers seem to be. He served his apprenticeship in a rough school, and there is no better training for the artist who desires to keep his raillery within the bounds of the palatable and permissible. Whether he ridicules the motor or the cinema, the compressed short story, or the realistic epic, "translated with a hand-pump out of the original Russian," his methods are legitimate and the touch is as kindly as it is sure. "My Tailor" is perhaps the only miss-fire in the book, because it comes too near to bathos, and Elia and Hood have made the subject almost unapproachable. The skits on German ponderosity, on the "grape juice" school of politics, on the Wilsonian diplomacy, the ways of the Yildiz Kiosk, and the absurdities of Merry Mexico, may not appeal to the victims, it is true, but when the war is over these will recognise that they were all fair game for the genial satirist, and that he has caught them well upon the wing. Perhaps, on the whole, the best piece of work in the book is "Madeline of the Movies: a Photo-play Done Back Into Words," and few people who have sat through the tinsel thrills and trickery of the average film-show will fail to see that the exquisite nonsense of this sparkling sketch is true, not to life, perhaps, but certainly to the caricature of life that the picture-palace offers us. We can see a first-class recitation in "Madeline" when some vivacious actor with a sense of humour wants to make fun of the film.

J. P. C.

* "Further Foolishness." By Stephen Leacock. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

THE LOEB CLASSICS.*

Attention has already been called in these columns to the admirable Loeb series to which new volumes are added with a frequent regularity, showing plainly that there is an appreciative public waiting for them. It is the right thing and the only thing for those who require a good text or a translation, or both, at a reasonable price. The features of these little books are well known: cheap in price, handy in form, the original text, carefully prepared, is printed in bold clear type on the left-hand pages, while the translation, in most cases specially made for the series, but sometimes adapted from older sources, occupies the right-hand pages. The whole apparatus is excellent; the introductions, which are brightly written, provide the reader with all the necessary biographical, critical, and bibliographical material; the useful notes are sometimes enlivened with illustrations from modern books and characters. While the present batch contains some of the well-known classics, there are others that hitherto have been difficult of access. Theophrastus's "Enquiry into Plants" for instance has apparently not appeared before in an English translation. In point of date this is one of the

* "The Loeb Classical Library." GREEK: "Daphnis and Chloe." By Longus.—"The Love Romance of Parthenius." In one volume.—"The Greek Anthology." Vol. I.—"Enquiry into Plants." By Theophrastus. Vols. I and II.—"Roman History." By Dio. Vol. IV.—"History of the Wars." By Procopius. Vol. II.—"The Natural Faculties." By Galen. In one volume.—"The Communings with Himself" of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. In one volume.—Plutarch's "Lives." Vols. III. and IV.—LATIN: Ovid's "Metamorphosis." Vols. I. and II.—"Virgil." Vol. I.—"Plautus." Vol. I. Each 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

earliest of the Greek series, and is the only one of them under notice belonging to pre-Christian times. Plutarch comes next in the second century A.D., and the latest is Procopius in the sixth century A.D. Although new translations have been provided in most of the cases, few would be disposed to object to the editors' choice in giving Aldington's version of "The Golden Ass" which appeared some time ago, or in the present case to his selection of the version of "Daphnis and Chloe" by Geo. Thornley, Gent. While admitting its deficiencies, as a specimen of racy seventeenth-century English prose, this book has only to be more widely known to be appreciated. Besides the edition of 1657 which is both rare and costly, there appears to have been only the beautiful Vale Press reprint, which is also a difficult book to meet with. Both Longus and his translator seem to have passed out of the world without leaving behind any traces of their identity. We know nothing about either of them, and can only guess at their dates. Some of these new volumes should make a special appeal, and none more than the volume of the Greek Anthology which forms the first part of what will ultimately be the most complete edition extant as regards translation, if not of text, that has yet appeared in English. Attractive as is the subject, no one appears to have succeeded in giving a full version of the fresh Anthology, although many poets have selected their favourite flowers and have transplanted them into English soil. The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius is another book that has tempted many scholars to strive after perfection. Since 1634, when Meric Casaubon first put the book into English, to our own day there have been ten translations, including the present one by Mr. C. R. Haines. Eight of these are enumerated by the editor, and a ninth, that of James Thompson, is referred to incidentally. Most of the present generation owe their acquaintance with the wise Emperor's contemplations to the translation of George Long which has held its own, in spite of Matthew Arnold's disparaging comments. But there are many who know and appreciate that admirable translation issued by the Foulis Press at Glasgow in 1742, and many times reprinted, the authorship of which remained so long unrevealed, but it is now known to have been the work of James Moor and Thomas Hutcheson.

The second volume of "The History of the Wars," by Procopius, translated by Mr. H. B. Dewing, is timely, as it contains the vandalic wars that devastated the Roman Empire in the fourth century A.D. We read of the vandals and, under the name of the Massagetæ, of the Huns; of Attila, the leader of the Huns, and of Alaric, King of the Visigoths, of the sack of Rome and the grim and awful horrors of war. From recent events one might imagine that the study of this history had specially occupied the attention of the governing classes in Germany. At present they cannot claim the successes of their namesakes, nor are the Allies, with all their faults, quite so supine as the Emperor Honorius who was at Ravenna when he received the message that Rome had perished from one of his eunuchs, evidently a keeper of the poultry. The Emperor "cried out and said: 'And yet it has just eaten from my hands!'" thinking that the man referred to a cock named Rome that the Emperor possessed:

> "The eunuch comprehending his words said that it was the city of Rome which had perished at the hands of Alaric, and the Emperor with a sigh of relief answered quickly: 'And I, my good fellow, thought that my fowl Rome had perished.' So great, they say, was the folly with which this Emperor was possessed."

R. INGPEN.

CHASSEURS ALPINS.*

Mr. Herbert Ward is well-known for his description of the unceasing and exciting work he went through with Stanley's rear-guard in the Emin Relief Expedition, but his many admirers will have no hesitation in declaring his latest work to be quite the best thing he has done. An artist, not only in words, but with the brush and the sculptor's chisel, he is well qualified to bring home to the outside world the grand stoicism of the men who form the Chasseurs Alpins Corps.

He went to the scene of their operations in the Vosges as Lieutenant to the famous No. 3 Convoy of the British Ambulance Committee, which has saved so large a number of valuable lives at no little risk to itself. Its cars climbed the mountains of Alsace, traversing a road exposed to the full view of the enemy and to the bombardment of his guns.

But it was evidently worth any danger to work amongst such splendid fellows as the "Blue Devils." Lord Beresford began to feel something of this inspiration after a very short visit, when at the end of an inspection he exclaimed: "Well, men! All I can say is 'Pauvres Boches!'"

These men and their fine, resolute, classical features Mr. Ward's art has preserved for us: we seem to see, indeed, into their heart and soul. For they have a soul: they are not simply fighting machines. They have a very real hunger for the beauties of nature, the glories of the mountains, "the delicate silvery effects and colour-flooding which herald the rising of the sun." And the wild life of the mountain-side appeals to them almost as much as its broad atmospheric effects. We read of a first-line trench only ten yards away from the enemy becoming so attached to a capercailzie hen sitting on her eggs, that they insisted on risking their lives every night to carry her food.

Many months spent in the trenches without ever a break fail to quench this love of nature, fail to quench, too, their high spirits, their incredibly high spirits, invincible, most genuine. One day at dawn, when the enemy's rifle fire was quite brisk, Mr. Ward found a Poilu standing outside a little shanty in pouring rain, and strumming tunes on an old cracked piano brought up on the back of a mule from a ruined villa. His dirty face wore a cheery roguish smile.

It may seem somewhat strange that these high spirits should coexist with a pessimistic fatalism, a settled conviction that death is bound to come to each of them sooner or later in the war. The explanation may be that the Poilu's gaiety, no less than his tenacity, is founded on the paternalism of the army. Mr. Ward remarks that the army resembles a family, "wherein the father ranks as the general, the elder brothers as officers, and the rest of the children are the soldiers. Everywhere there is simple equality. There is no arrogance." And behind this great family, supporting and inspiring it, stands the French wife and mother. "Famed all over the world for her efficiency . . . her remarkable quality of understanding distinguishes her from the women of any other country. Her influence is beyond words." Bound by the closest ties to this dear comforter invisible, is it surprising that the Poilu is cheerful? To her influence may be traced "the sublime endurance of pain" shown by the wounded. All the men Mr. Ward helped to carry behaved with an amazing courage.

When an unfortunate accident disabled him for further service, he did his utmost by lectures and addresses to arouse interest in and obtain funds for this splendid work. Last of all he has issued this book, which no one can read without being stirred to the depths. His own "genius for friendship" irresistibly extorts the friendship of his readers for this stoical division of the French Army.

W. A. FOX.

* "M. Poilu." By Herbert Ward. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE SCHOOL ADVENTUROUS.*

"A Dominie Dismissed" is a literary rarity: it is a sequel almost as good as its good predecessor. Readers of "A Dominie's Log," reviewed here a year ago, will remember that adventurous village school conducted by a benevolent anarchist, who hated mechanical docility, and strove to develop the character of his pupils by letting them practise self-discipline. The result of the great

* "A Dominie Dismissed" By A. S. Neill, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

experiment can be guessed. Public opinion, which did not want anything like intelligent individuality in mere village children, but demanded mainly of the teacher that he should minister to the needs of factory-owners by providing properly subdued and acquiescent mill-hands, rose in outraged revolt, gave Don Quixote the sack, and handed his burgeoning boys and girls over to a grim martinet of the approved type with a short, sharp way of eradicating character, individuality, humour, joyousness, and other deadly sins of childhood.

Fortunately for us, the Dominie does not lose sight of his old school. After a brief spell in London, he returns to the village as assistant to Farmer Thomson (whose labourers have all been conscripted), and in his leisure, which seems unusually abundant even for an agriculturist who is a Master of Arts, he is able to observe the changes in his former pupils, and to moralise the spectacle for our instruction. Thus the book is both thesis and story. Most of the girls and boys whose acquaintance we made in the "Log" reappear in the present volume, and are just as engaging as ever. The farmer and his wife are a happy, comfortable pair; and Margaret, their daughter, heroine of the ex-dominie's romance, is a very sweet and natural girl, creditably (and incredibly) patient with her wordy wooer, who seems to voice his passion in a nice derangement of paragraphs from the Fabian leaflets. But doubtless Margaret's turn will come. The martinet Macdonald, safe within the triple entrenchments of routine, regulations and the rod, but, outside those protecting limits, a poor, puzzled soul moving about in a world not realised, is depicted with sympathy and understanding. The ex-dominie, as narrator, lets himself be liked a good deal, but not altogether. He is too self-conscious, and, (dare I say it?) a little too self-satisfied, especially when he talks like articles in the *New Age* and *New Statesman*. Margaret should cut off his subscriptions when they are married; he will be all the better for it. When he speaks, as he generally does, out of his experience and observation, out of his failures and lapses, rather than out of his complacent superiority, he is really excellent, because he is telling us something that is convincingly his own, and not something that he has merely read and remembered. He is least likeable when he is clever—as when he makes some silly (and self-contradictory) remarks about the relative value of Dickens and penny dreadfuls. But on the whole he is a good fellow, earnest, humorous, kindly, courageous. I hope he will never dissipate himself as a formal contributor to the educational papers.

"A Dominie's Log," and "A Dominie Dismissed" will appeal to the most general of general readers as shrewd studies of Scottish life and character; they may be considered as works of a new humorist, the contention being justified by funny quotations; but for my own part I prefer to regard them as important contributions to the literature of education. They have their limitations. They are almost entirely destructive. The Dominie is emphatic about what elementary education should not be; he is nebulous about what it should be. But mere destruction is enormously important when it is directed against mere routine; for routine, imposed by mythical and inaccessible "My Lords" and ground into several generations of teachers by sheer force of circumstances, has always been the curse of popular education. To eradicate this bad tradition of routine from the minds of all concerned would be to make a great step forward; and I foresee the time when students in training colleges (if our wise war economies leave any) will be taught to reverence the name of A. S. Neill as a great educational reformer. I hope they will be compelled to read him seriously, and I wish that the same pleasant compulsion could be extended to all adults, especially to members of local committees. Dictators are cheap nowadays, so why not an Education Dictator? We could do with one; for the fact is that the people of this country really care nothing about education. There is no public expenditure they grudge so much as the cost of the schools. They offer contemptible salaries to qualified teachers, and are quite content to have untrained, unqualified persons, and barrack-schools in which every class is large enough to need a whole staff. Except in the way of resistance, no one bothers about education, either practically or politically, save a poor handful of enthusiasts. Harassed parents are glad to let the elementary schools relieve them daily of their all too active offspring, but they demand the children back again as their sole property at the earliest possible wage-earning moment. Big employers countenance elementary education as long as it will provide them with cheaply efficient and unadventurous labour; and our mandarins want children to have just the kind and quantity of education that will make the masses useful for mandarin purposes. When all the magnates become very solicitous about the things children should and should not be taught, it is time to be suspicious. There have been such solicitudes before!

"Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

We look at education always from the point of view of selfish parents or employers or mandarins; scarcely any one gives a moment's thought to education from the child's point of view. Yet, of all rights, surely the most sacred is the right of the child, as a fresh, new, human soul, to the best means for its own development. Poor children!—in worldly eyes mere labour-fodder, and in the eyes of Christ the very kingdom of Heaven.

But fortunately we are not allowed to refuse our responsibilities. The enthusiasts are few, but persistent. Relatively they have accomplished much, though absolutely how little! The great public is indifferent or hostile; and just as indifference gives every nation the Government it deserves, and the newspapers it deserves, so indifference gives a nation the education it deserves; and in England still, for all the political platitudes, education is the Cinderella of the public services. Something has been done:

> "Yet much remains
> To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than War; new foes arise
> Threatening to bind our souls."

The great difficulty is to overcome the public apathy. People won't read articles or treatises on education—small blame to them; but they will read such delightful things as Mr. Neill's sketches. They may dissent from him ever so furiously about this and that; yet they will have their minds awakened to the fact that education is something almost as personal as religion. So our dismissed Dominie may be Dominie still, with all the world as his parish. Having been driven from teaching children he may now assume the heavier task of teaching adults. And so, A. S. Neill, good luck to you! Long may you write your wise and humorous little books! England hath need of thee—as someone remarked of an earlier educationist.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

LOVE OF IRELAND.*

This is a selection from the Collected Poems of Mrs. Sigerson Shorter, with a few additional poems that are now first printed. It is almost impossible to make a selection of this kind that shall be generally satisfactory, for everyone has his own preferences, and those who know the Collected Poems are bound to miss this one and that which, had the choice rested with them, would also have been included. Maybe it is their length that bars out "The Woman Who Went to Hell" and "The White Witch," two of Mrs. Shorter's finest ballads; certainly there could be no other reason for excluding them. Nevertheless, the compilation as a whole is a good one, and takes in some of the most charming and most characteristic things Mrs. Shorter has written.

There is the true ballad magic in such verse as "My Lady's Slipper," in "All Soul's Eve," in "The Sea Hounds,"

* "Love of Ireland." By Dora Sigerson. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

whose eerie, elusive, haunting phrases suggest so much more than they fashion into words; but the prevailing note is, as it should be here, a passionate love and wistful tenderness for the fields, and skies, and birds, and homes, and folk, and everything of Ireland, "the dream of a God, and the mould of His hand":

"Here He loosed from His hold
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an Island that sings. . . .

I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
I have left you at last."

There is no joy more rapturously, lyrically joyous, no sadness more poignant, more shadowed by wailing twilight fancies than the joy and the sadness of the Celt, and Mrs. Shorter's songs and ballads range between these heights and deeps of emotion. This little book is fairly, if not fully, representative of her distinctive qualities, and forms for new readers an admirable introduction to her work as a poet.

THE WELSH PEASANT.*

"Art for Art's sake" was one of the war cries of the 'nineties, and curiously enough it was heard loudest and most often in literary circles. I cannot recall one painter, actor, or musician who echoed that cry. Yet we have had since all manner of revolutionary movements in painting, music, and drama, whilst our authors seem to be carrying on in very much the same way now as twenty-five years ago. It is significant, too, that of all the "Art for Art's sake" young lions of those roaring times hardly one is to be counted, with the possible exception of Mr. George Moore, among the foremost writers of to-day. The reason is, of course, that "Art for Art's sake" is a motto with as little to recommend it as "Eating for eating's sake." One might almost say, with slight reservations, that all the most notable books written in our time, from "Alice in Wonderland" to "The Heavenly Twins," were written with a purpose.

And so it is with Mr. Caradoc Evans's "Capel Sion."

If there were no high moral purpose underlying the stark realism of this book it would lack all justification. Even its fine artistic merits would not redeem it from condemnation. As it stands, however—and I say this in all reverence—it is as moral as the Bible, whose style it adopts with consummate effect, and whose lessons it inculcates with the same impersonal force and sincerity.

Speaking as a man of Welsh blood and temperament I am bound to accept the authenticity of these studies of the Welsh peasantry, their character and habits, though I have little first hand knowledge of that particular class of Celt. But, during my sojourns in Wales, I have caught glimpses, suggestions, indications—call them what you will—of the way of life there in the more obscure and lesser known districts, sufficient in themselves to enable me to recognise that Mr. Evans is stating no more and no less than the truth in these amazing stories and sketches.

And that is the only word for them: Amazing! They are amazing as the discovery of a race of heathen people living in our very midst: a race eaten up by all manner of superstitution, cruel and lustful, covetous and grasping. No stories of pioneer exploration or missionary travel have ever revealed among naked painted savages a more horrible state of things than this book reveals. It is neither better nor worse than its predecessor "My People": it is merely a continuation of it, or rather an elaboration. It exhibits the same high qualities of simplicity and strength, wrought into a style which is as distinctive as the style of Bunyan, with whom Mr. Evans in certain aspects might be compared, if it were not that he is content to let the reader draw his own moral from the narrative instead of stating it in so many words.

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And yet. . . . Is Mr. Evans's view of his own people a comprehensive view? I cannot believe it. I cannot but think that something of bitter passion and revolt has blurred his sight a little and limited his range of vision, blinded him almost wholly to their virtues, however few and rare. For a race cannot be utterly wicked and vicious, and endure. That way lies racial suicide, and the Welsh, even the Welsh peasantry, are very much alive.

Therefore, before parting from Mr. Evans with the utmost gratitude for the artistic delight he has given me, I would entreat him, in his next book, to try to get a little more light and shade into his pictures, to portray something, at least, of these Welsh peasants' more kindly and worthy traits: of their hospitality, for instance, which I have personally experienced. Mr. Evans has given us so much. That is why we want so much more. And that he can give us much more is as plain to see as the genius of his writing.

EDWIN PUGH.

Novel Notes.

THE LIGHT ABOVE THE CROSS ROADS. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 5s. (Duckworth.)

We're not quite sure that "The Light Above the Cross-roads" is a very good title for a novel. It effects a lodgement in the memory part of the brain with considerable difficulty. One has a sort of instinctive feeling that a "light above the crossroads" is bound to be a baleful one, unless indeed, it be the light of noonday, in which case it is not likely to be very different from the light anywhere else. As a trade-mark, therefore, and as a symbol alike, we incline to deprecate the title as not quite worthy, upon consideration, of a really remarkable novel; cross-roads or no, the book should mark an epoch in the history of the writer, for it points the way to some signal achievement in fiction. The book enshrines a noble conception—and, if we put aside the authors of "Ethan Frome" and of "La Maison du péché" we can hardly think of a woman writer with powers sufficient to maintain a flight so lofty or so sustained. The structure of the book contracts a little as it proceeds. The part that is concerned with the proposition of the story, the presentment of the characters, is modelled upon a rather larger scale than the tragic resolution of the story, which is one of a modern "John Inglesant," a man of exceptional gifts and faculties, who is educated with extraordinary care and deliberate intention by an English pro-consul in India for some supreme diplomatic task. The character of this work is determined by the Great War. Ironical circumstances decide that this work shall take the form of the greatest sacrifice of self that is readily conceivable. Fate seems to decree that the hero shall dedicate not merely his body, but his soul, to the services of his country. In the service of his country, in its extreme need, Marcus Janover sacrifices both his love and his friend. In the course of his education, at Hildesheim, Janover acquires German as a second nationality—this enables him in the crisis of 1914 to enact a part as Intelligence agent for the German General Staff, while secretly he is conveying intelligence of the utmost moment to the authorities in Britain; but his employment is of such a character that it cannot be avowed by the authorities at home. His ostensible employment by the Germans convicts him as a traitor in the eyes of his fiancée and his friends in Ireland, while the secret of a military surprise which he communicates to the English Staff constitutes him a murderer of his dearest friend, a chivalrous German officer. The tragedy is complicated by the fact that both Marcus and his *Fidus Achates*, the German Eitel, are in love with the same girl. The technique of the story is so well documented, as to give it every circumstance of reality, and that reality is terrible. As a work of imagination, the work stands apart from the *nouvelle du circonstance* of which the war has provided us with such numerous examples. As a picture of the remorseless cruelty of fate in the clash of private and patriotic ideals of conduct, it ranks with Victor Margueritte's "Frontières du Cœur." It is conceived and written with a true instinct and a faithful realisation of the terrible passion it portrays.

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This is an interesting story in a picturesque setting—a romance of love and the present war. Rose Lorraine is the charming daughter of a man who has ruined himself by gambling and is serving as gatekeeper to one of his former associates; the chief interest of the story gathers about her and the man who loves her, Miles Coverdale, the course of whose true love is anything but a smooth one. Mr. Sladen brings a good many entertaining characters into his pages, and develops in the background of his tale the experiment of a wealthy man who transforms an old monastery into a sort of almshouse for authors, artists, musicians and actors, and ends by losing all his riches and going to join them in that retreat, where he lives more happily in his poverty than he had lived in the larger world during his prosperous years. It is a pleasant story and makes very good reading.

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One of the busiest of men, Sir Herbert Tree has nevertheless found time to produce another book, to which the most cordial welcome will be extended. Especially as it is, so to speak, a "benefit performance," the proceeds from the sale being devoted to that most excellent institution, the Actors' Emergency War Fund, which was

Photo by Treble, Derby. **Miss Jessie Champion,** whose clever novel, "Jimmy's Wife," is published by Mr. John Lane.

founded to supplement the incomes of the dependents of actors who are at the front. Of his versatility, his ready wit, and his literary grace, abundant evidence was forthcoming in his previous volume, and in his new book we have a further revelation of a remarkable personality, and of the facility with which he can handle the short story. Sir Herbert has given full rein to his fancy, and provides what he aptly terms a "Variety Show of Life," in which there is much that is really gruesome, delightfully humorous, and sometimes deeply tragic. Altogether, it is a brilliant entertainment, and one which we can unreservedly recommend. "Nothing Matters," the story which gives its title to the book, is a forcible little drama of love and passion; while "The Mystery of Howard Romaine" is an extraordinary tale of a man who not only writes his own obituary, but steals his own coffin, with his dead body in it, into the bargain! "The Cuckoo Clock," a veritable nightmare of horror, is one of the most striking pieces in the collection; and "The Stuffed Mouse" and "God is Good," two brief sketches, are further examples of the great actor's cunning as an author. His many admirers will be glad to have the full text of Sir Herbert's presidential address, "The Importance of Humour in Tragedy," delivered at Birmingham in 1915. This, also, is full of witty sayings and capital stories. "In public life," says the author, "nothing is so suspect as humour. Perhaps that is why so many men scruple to tell the truth in public."

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Not the least delightful element in Mrs. Marion Hill's new novel is the unique setting which gives the book a very welcome freshness and an attraction that is all its own. Laurie McAllister is an enterprising young girl who invests all her savings in an orange grove in Florida, and then goes to take possession of her property and make her fortune out of it. But the fortune is not so easily made as she had fondly imagined. The orange grove has been neglected for such a number of years, and is so full of disease that, as Charles Roycroft, the young man who owns a neighbouring grove, tells her, it would cost a small fortune and take three men working night and day to make it of any value at all. Surrounded by difficulties and with an old grandfather to support, the plucky girl defies Roycroft's pessimism, refuses to abandon her grove, and sets to work to make her investment worth while. Staunchly independent, yet amazingly trustful, she wins through in spite of everything—but whether she could have managed without Roycroft's unsolicited advice, and if her very credulity had not defended her against rogues, is a doubtful point. Behind her adventures with the grove, there is a quiet love-story, and the book is crowded with all manner of amusing incidents and characters. Mrs. Marion Hill's unaffected humour, her keen understanding of human nature, her intimate knowledge of Florida, its country and its people, combine to make a tale of unusual charm, and one that is certain to increase the popularity of this already deservedly popular writer.

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QUIS? By J. A. T. Lloyd. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Of the four boys who are thrown together at the Brighton preparatory school "for the Sons of the Nobility and Gentry," and whose subsequent experiences and entanglements in the more difficult school of women fill the greater part of this uncommon novel, Rickard Thurston, nicknamed "Quis," stands out as the most original character and the most disappointing. To explain the nickname is to explain Rickard and the welter of anxiety and unrest that envelops all who care for his welfare. When quite a small blond boy he was called "Quis," because of the readiness with which—by the old school custom of "Quis?" and "Ego"—he disposed of what to other boys would have been cherished possessions. Stamp-albums, knives, pocket-books, even prizes, were "quissed" away by free-handed, fickle Rickard; and later in life this same inconstancy and mania for change leads him to "quis" away the love of a good woman in exchange for a passionate liaison with a woman of a baser type. The atmosphere of intrigue and affection that follows him about is cleverly sustained, and the characterisation is good throughout. But we should like to hear a little more of the attractive side of Rickard's nature, of the redeeming *elfin* trait in particular. As depicted in chapter after chapter of sexual unrest, he makes a rather sorry figure, and is in danger of "quissing" away the reader's interest in himself before the time is ripe for him to make good by the final sacrifice.

The Bookman's Table.

MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS. By Amy Lowell. 5s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Miss Amy Lowell has previously published two volumes of verse. The book before us is a substantial one of nearly 400 pages, extraordinarily interesting from its variety both of manner and matter. Those who are on the look out for the "new" in literature will be attracted by the many examples of *vers libre* and what the author calls *polyphonic prose*, in each case they will recognise the great importance of the substance, while acknowledging that the form is both well chosen and skilfully handled. The volume contains stories not lyrical verses, though in several cases the dramatis personæ are things not persons. The story even when merely hinted rather than told is sufficient to hold one's interest, but there is such a

Lieut. E. A. Mackintosh, M.C.
(Seaforth Highlanders).
Author of "one of the most notable poetic harvests of the war," "A Highland Regiment," published by Mr. John Lane.

thing as an artistic method of narration, which heightens the effect of each incident. We have said enough to show that this is a book which should appeal to the lover of verse, the man who enjoys a tale and the fastidious if unimportant critic. "Patterns" with which the volume opens is in a way the most skilful poem, it is singularly attractive recalling the dainty wistful sadness of Watteau. Miss Lowell is a loving student of France, and her Napoleon poems are weighty with the pressure of great events. Because she is an American—who yet knows and loves Europe—she understands and can paint the bitter ironic tragedy of these times to us who are living in Europe. "The Cremona Violin" and "The Reaping" set forth the tragic weight of the unexpressed. Miss Lowell is always very human, never more so than in her various child verses. We may safely take "The Lead Soldiers" as a parable of the sometimes far-reaching tragic effect of something which in its origin is little more than a childish whim. "The Red Lacquer Music-stand" telling the dream of a boy is a genuine and noble poem, it is in no sense minor verse, and in itself is sufficient to give distinction to any volume.

VENIZELOS AND THE WAR: A Sketch of Personalities and Politics. By Crawfurd Price. 2s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

As one of those most familiar with the "cockpit" of South-Eastern Europe, one who knows the countries, personalities and politics of the Near East, Mr. Crawfurd Price will assuredly command the attention of thoughtful readers by his new book, in which he presents the patriotic statesman to whom in the hour of trouble rallied that which is best in Greece. It seems to have been prophetic that the Cretan who was to show the way to his Greek countrymen should have been christened Elentherios, or Liberty, though unfortunately his King and that King's military advisers did not follow the course to that liberty of national development which he put before them. Venizelos is a statesman of vigour, of vision, and of ability, but his very power as a statesman is that which is apparently at the root of much of the trouble which the Allies have had with official Greece during recent months. It is not difficult to believe, after reading Mr. Crawfurd Price's interesting study, that antipathy to M. Venizelos has had its share in the shilly-shallying policy by which King Constantine so long procrastinated and pretended in his relations with the Allies. Had M. Venizelos had a master worthier of him, one less tied by fear or sympathy to a neutrality with evident Teutonic leanings, the story of the war, so far as the Near East is concerned, might have read very differently; but M. Venizelos was compelled to resign, and his resignation duly led to the splitting of the great Greek nation into two parts—the democratic and more essentially Greek one which followed him and the Provisional Government, and the autocratic and Germanised one, led by the King and his Prussian consort. Readers of Mr. Crawfurd Price's compact and informing little book will find it helps them to a much clearer understanding of the position of Greece and the Greeks than all the "news" of all the newspapers.

THE DANCE OF DEATH. By Hans Holbein. 25s. net. (Fredk. Evans, 32, Rosemont Road, Acton.)

"The Dance of Death" was a favourite theme with painters long before the days of Hans Holbein; he may have taken hints from old frescoes on the walls of churches and public halls, but he not only carried the idea to perfection and made it peculiarly his own in the frescoes he painted for the Augustine Monastery at Basle, he popularised his work by redrawing the designs on wood and having them engraved by "that unrivalled woodcutter" Hans Lutzelberger. The first complete edition of these, with their accompanying moralities in quaint, crude verse, was published at Lyons in 1547, and Mr.

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Frederick Evans has reproduced his enlarged facsimiles of the engravings from that edition. The original blocks were executed on so small a scale that the significant details of the pictures, their breadth and grandeur of conception, could only be fully appreciated when they were studied through a magnifying glass. Mr. Evans's photographic enlargement of them removes this defect, enhances the beauty and strength of line, and still gives a perfect re-presentment of the original work. The old French verses and scriptural texts are copied from the 1562 edition, that being the most complete in this respect. Most of the English renderings of these are taken from the lithographic reprint of the first edition that was issued by Mr. Bernard Quaritch in 1868, but twelve of them have been translated by Mr. Arthur K. Sabin, who also printed the present volume by hand at the Temple Sheen Press. The pious care that has gone to the editing and production of this book are self-evident. The engravings are beautifully reproduced, and type, paper and binding are artistically in keeping. The edition is limited to two hundred copies.

ENGLAND'S BOYS. By C. A. Renshaw. 1s. 6d. net. (Erskine MacDonald.)

Perhaps the most surprising thing about this little book is the fact that it is written by a woman. Surely, one thinks while reading it, these poems must have been written by a man who has actually seen and experienced these things: yet, all the time one knows that it is not a man but a woman who has been able with her imagination, sympathy, and intuition to describe realistically what "England's Boys" are doing and feeling during the Great War. That the poems actually do voice the thoughts of many a boy "somewhere in France" is testified by soldier critics of Miss Renshaw's work, and from at least one letter in the press from a soldier quite unknown to the author. In writing of her work he says she has "grasped the spirit of the soldier and expressed his thoughts and emotions in action—and after—in a manner that has few equals even in these days when there is a perfect spate of war poetry." A high level is maintained throughout the book, but each reader is bound to have his favourite poems. We consider "The Farmhouse in France," "Air Men," and "England's Boys," are three of the best in this collection of excellent war poems.

A JOURNAL OF SMALL THINGS. By Helen Mackay. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

If you have read Mrs. Mackay's earlier book "Accidentals" you will want to read her latest work. "A Journal of Small Things." If you have not read "Accidentals" you will certainly want to get hold of a copy as soon as you have finished this new book. For sheer charm of style, for ability to touch in vivid little lightning sketches of people, places, and things, it would be hard to name Mrs. Mackay's equal. She makes her "Journal" unique among books that are concerned with the Great War. "I want to make notes of things," she writes in her journal, "not of the great things that are happening, but of the little things. I want to feel especially all the little everyday dear accustomed things, to take hold of the moods of them, and gather up their memories, to be put away and kept, and turned back to always afterwards." In describing the scope of the book one cannot do better than quote a few lines from the Preface written by Mr. W. L. Courtney: "They are singularly graceful, very delicate and also very pathetic, these random memories of a sympathetic friend of France, who describes what she saw during the opening stages of the war in Paris and in provincial towns." This is a book to read, to linger over, and to read again, for its beauty and its sympathetic understanding of the "little things" that mean so much in life.

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